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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

CHIMES

A Novel in Six Instalments — I

ROBERT HERRICK

"For life is, after all, nothing but the capacity to assert a condition of inner equilibrium within the transition of external circumstances."

CHAPTER I

I

THE new university! . . . A river of yellow prairie mud lay between the young man and the flat campus dotted with a half dozen stone buildings, some still unfinished. Clavercin edged his way across the muddy ditch on his heels, trying not to destroy the polish that the Pullman porter had given his shoes that morning, for he wished to make a good impression on this his first personal interview with the President of Eureka, whose curt telegram of invitation had drawn him agitatedly a thousand miles. He landed, not too damaged, before a long low yellow brick structure, its gravel roof supported by wooden girders.

"The university gymnasium and temporary library," a lanky youth informed him, with a slight grin.

"Temporary!" Clavercin judged that was the note of this institution for higher learning which the prodigious energies of Dr. Alonzo Harris, combined with the fabulous wealth of an old lumberman, were calling into being here on the flat sandy soil of the Middle West.

He had ample time to meditate on the contrasts between his own old college and this new one that first visit, while he sat in the outer office waiting to see President Harris. The great man was busy, and the harassed middle-aged woman who acted as stenographer and secretary gave the young man a bored, hostile glance as she took down his name, as if he had already been forgotten.

Outside in the corridor there was much passing, students going and coming from classes, professors hastily donning the academic costume of cap and gown for chapel service, which apparently was held in a big room at the other end of the building. There were many women's faces among the students, not pretty, rather drab, uninteresting. Out here in the great West they did not divide the sexes. He would have to teach women in his classes, — that would be a novelty! He believed in sex equality and all that, but something romantic in him was offended by the evidence of co-education. He liked to think of women as apart from the commonplace of life, — as decorative, provocative, mysterious, — and how could one when they stuck pencils through their hair and stood on one leg gossiping with fellow students or bent near-sightedly over a grimy classroom bench?

The bare office where he waited was adorned with an ambitious water-color sketch of the campus as it might be one day, — a crowded, pinnacled jumble of Gothic buildings. A vision to cheer the spirits of the faculty, to whet the imagination of possible donors. Opposite this hung an engraving of "Our Founder", — the old lumberman and "wood-pulp millionaire", James S. Larson, whose initial gift of two million dollars was converting this piece of raw prairie into the architectural dream displayed on the opposite wall. Clavercin examined the features of "Our Founder" with keener interest than the "Plan of Eureka University", trying to discover in the bony structure of the face, the bushy overhanging eyebrows, the close-set little eyes, and the loose mouth

the impulse that had led this pioneer to turn his devastated miles of virgin timber land into "libraries, laboratories, and museums", with their human adjuncts, "for the enlargement of the domain of knowledge", as one of President Harris's flamboyant announcements had phrased it. He gave it up. That must remain part of his general bewilderment for the present.

Within the cubicle, divided from the outer office by a ground-glass partition, the President of Eureka was functioning busily, judging from the number of persons who entered and emerged through the glass door. Occasionally high notes escaped through the thin wall, subdued by a deeper voice murmuring huskily. This he attributed to the president. Once through the open door he had a glimpse of a short, thick-set, smooth-faced man seated in a swivel office chair.

He was meditating on some of the fantastic rumors about this new meteor in the university world, when the middle-aged woman addressed him.

"Dr. Harris will see you now."

Before the young man had made up his mind whether he ought to take his coat and hat with him or leave them to chance in the mob of the outer office, he found himself grasped in a fleshy white hand and drawn irresistibly into the cubby-hole, coat and all. Dr. Harris held his visitor's hand, squeezing it momentarily while he smiled warmly through his gold spectacles into the young man's face. Clavercin, remembering the awesome greeting of the great man in his own college, tried to extract his hand from this too familiar welcome, aware of what was befitting an underling like himself from a college president.

"Glad to see you, Dr. Clavercin — "

"Mr. Clavercin," the young man corrected with a sudden stiffening of his mental muscles. This new American habit of making every teacher into a "doctor" was extremely offensive to him.

"Ah, not yet taken your doctorate? We'll make that right soon. You can take the degree with us while you are teaching." Immediately the president made an entry in one of the fat red morocco-covered books that lay on his desk. Then he looked up brightly with a full smile which was completely disarming, free from all guile. "Glad you are to be with us!" Clavercin felt that

he meant it, although he had skipped bewilderingly all formality of acceptance and appointment. "Just a moment!" as the worried secretary whispered something in the president's ear.

This gave Clavercin an opportunity to examine the celebrated head of the new university more closely. His first impression was that he need not have worried over his own personal appearance: President Harris's shoes had not been shined for days and showed traces of campus mud. They were of soft leather with elastic sides, a kind of shoe no gentleman should wear outside his bedroom. Also his trousers were too short, with curling frayed bottoms, and they bagged at the chubby knees. His new black frock coat was plentifully sprinkled with dust and dandruff, and down the black ministerial waistcoat there was a visible stain, possibly from coffee-drip, — he observed a thick china cup on the desk among the papers and note-books. These trivial personal details filled the young man with confidence. Compared with the president of the new university he himself was dressed like a gentleman, as it was understood in the East.

But his attention quickly moved on to more important matters. That round smooth face, framed in gold spectacles, beneath a touseled mop of black hair, was both youthful and grave, — and just now evidently contrite, as if the confidential stenographer was lecturing him about something forgotten! The soft lips covered a firm chin which had the inexorable grip of pure will. A short thick neck joined this head to a stout loose trunk. It was not a delicate body, spare and lean as the scholar's should be, but powerful, with the fleshiness of the "corn-fed" American. Two shrewd little brown eyes turned once more on his visitor, not unfriendly eyes, — they tried to see the other as he saw himself. Dr. Harris had tipped back in his swivel chair, exposing a soiled white sock, garterless; his fat short legs stretched his trousers out of shape, while his hands were clasped behind his head; altogether a most relaxed attitude, so unlike the Jovian majesty Clavercin was accustomed to find in this office. The fingers, he noted, were short and thick, not the hand of an artist; the square nails were grimy, — in fact the president proceeded to clean them with his penknife as he talked.

"You find us," he was saying, "in all the confusion of moving day so to speak: we are just moving into the university as dis-

tinguished from the college. . . . It is this new spirit of the university which will be the distinguishing feature of American education . . . " — not notable generalities, which Clavercin promptly forgot.

They were interrupted again by the secretary, who remarked impatiently as a nurse might to a child with whom one must be firm, "Dr. Harris, there is the board meeting at four, and the trustees' dinner to-night, and Mrs. Cordell Clumpton's. . . ."

"Yes, yes," the round head nodded indomitably; meanwhile extracting another note-book from the pile before him, the president concluded his interview with the young man briskly. "May I repeat, Mr. Clavercin, that the doctorate is the teacher's certificate of competence. May I not suggest that while carrying on your work with us you prepare yourself to take the appropriate higher degree? This is a university, not a college!"

"But, but . . . " the young man stammered, for the university president had risen finally to his feet and was holding out the fat white hand in dismissal, with another broad cherubic grin.

"I am glad you are to be with us, Dr. Clavercin," President Harris concluded genially.

And the young man found himself in the outer office, bewildered, created a doctor of philosophy by main force, all those delicate matters of salary, title, courses, departmental relations, and so forth, which had been the subject of so much eager meditation since he had first received that inciting telegram, not even mentioned. "But, but . . . " he was still stammering as at the door into the outer office (which was more jammed than ever with persons waiting to see the president) he almost bumped into a dark-eyed, resolute looking woman and a gray-haired short man with a bushy black moustache.

"Ah, Mrs. Crandall," the irrepressible president exclaimed heartily, "I want you to meet our new acquisition, Dr. Beaman Clavercin from Harvard, who is to be with us in the department of general literature." (Thus the young man realized that one more of those important points which had not been referred to was already settled, and the decision communicated to him in this aside, as well as the objectionable doctorate fastened upon him for life!) "Just a moment, Mrs. Crandall . . . Dean Dolittle!" and Dr. Harris waved adieu to the young man, while the gray-

haired dean inserted himself swiftly into the cubby-hole with a bundle of official looking papers, together with another worried secretary, a yellow telegram in hand.

"It's our busy day," Mrs. Crandall remarked merrily, "but every day is busy with us!"

"It's . . . it's too wonderful," Clavercin stuttered, trying to find the precise figure that would convey his bewildered state of mind. "Like a big department store or a factory, — yes, a factory geared up for overtime."

"But you mustn't say that!" the agreeable Dean of Women of Eureka University corrected good-naturedly.

And he recalled with dismay that this eager, kindly woman must be *the* Mrs. Edith Crandall, so well known for her efforts in the higher education of women, formerly professor in a state university, later married to a distinguished English physicist, whose tragic death in his laboratory had sent her back to her former field. Beckwith had talked about her last summer. She was one of the most influential persons in the new university. Clavercin liked her at once, as did all the world, and he felt that his untactful remark had not caused offense.

"Of course, Mr. Clavercin," Mrs. Crandall remarked with a broad motherly humor, laying a gloved hand on his arm, "we may be the Barnum of education, but we don't like to have it said too frankly. As I tell my young friend Miss Stowe" (which served as an introduction to a pretty young woman, who stood demurely by during this conversation), "we must put our prejudices in our pockets and see things out here in the large, the very large, — in the future!" And she laughed again sympathetically.

At this point the door to the cubicle opened, and the dean shot out, a scowl on his clay-like face in response to Mrs. Crandall's introduction of the newcomer. Clavercin read dislike to new "acquisitions" in the yellow eyes of the dean, especially of those from the critical East, though the tone of his voice was silky, diplomatic. Indicating by a wave of the hand that he had prepared the way for her with the Power within, Dean Dolittle hurried off.

Mrs. Crandall paused long enough to say, "Jessica is my *alter ego*, — she will explain everything to you!" and disappeared behind the glass door.

The two young people thus left together in the outer office

looked examiningly at each other. Clavercin with his instinctive prejudice against the higher educated female recognized that Miss Jessica Stowe was dainty, dressed like the young women he knew who led purely social lives, in contrast even with the attractive Mrs. Crandall. She was tall, delicately molded, quite blonde, with a fuzz of reddish hair under the large "picture hat", which in obedience to the prevailing fashion she then wore. Her features were small, firm, a very definite little chin (which might sharpen and harden with age), a slightly ironical droop to the upper lip that might turn sullen, and tiny, exquisite hands. Altogether she was an agreeable contrast to the drabby, homely young women who had been pushing through the hall outside.

"So you are in it too?" Clavercin inquired curiously.

"Experimentally, for the present," Miss Stowe replied with a priggish precision of speech, yet agreeably modulated in tone as the speech of the East, — he found it a relief. "I am assisting Mrs. Crandall in organizing the woman's side of the university and working in my subject, social science, at the same time."

She did not say that she was a doctor of philosophy, having passed a very brilliant examination for the degree at Johns Hopkins, and that her thesis, about to be published by Eureka's new press department, upon *Primitive Marriage Forms* was likely to attract considerable attention.

"This growing industrial centre is a rich field for social research," she explained condescendingly. "We are about to open a university settlement in connection with my department out in the steel works."

"Ah!"

There was an ironic tone to the young man's exclamation: they did not consider the new science of "sociology" highly where he came from. By this time they had abandoned the stuffy anteroom and were standing on the entrance steps to "Founder's Hall", a little to one side from the throng of incoming students.

"It's all so queer!" the young man confessed, with a puzzled expression on his rather delicate, fair face.

"Why so?" Miss Stowe demanded roundly. "It's new of course, — what did you expect? I find the newness stimulating."

(Along with "temporary" and "contact" Clavercin placed "stimulus" on his private index of words that must never be used.)

Miss Stowe's asperity indicated a suspicion that the young man, fresh from the old puritan tradition, was tainted with dilettanteism, popularly supposed to be the secret vice of Harvard. She herself being more robustly nurtured did not find the bustle of the raw campus displeasing.

"Our faculty has already some quite distinguished names," she continued, "and Dr. Harris is gathering new ones all the time to round out the departments."

"I know, I know," the young man mumbled, wondering if ability to write verse and a yearning to make plays could be reckoned as suitable credentials for membership among these important names. Some of the more renowned "acquisitions" Miss Stowe pointed out to him as they loitered near the entrance.

"There's Professor Emanuel Harden." She indicated a wizened, stooping old man with a shawl wound loosely around his chin, a cloth sack of books under his arm, the "typical" figure of the college professor, already almost extinct. Clavercin knew Harden by reputation, of course, a fiery historian of revolutions whose acceptance of Dr. Harris's invitation had influenced lesser men to listen to the song of the "New Barnum". "The tall man with him is Professor Hanks, formerly President of an Iowa college, now head of the department of zoology, and the short dark man behind them is Dr. Stern, the great chemist, and there's Bock, head of mathematics. We are strong in the sciences," Miss Stowe commented complacently. "The idea is first to build up post-graduate work in science. The humanities don't count as they once did."

Coming from an institution that had long been famous as the home of the "humanities" Clavercin felt that he ought to resent this slur, but it was too obviously true; all American universities were madly developing their science departments. That was what "the new education", so much talked about, meant, — science.

Just here a young man with an erect, brisk carriage came up to Miss Stowe, who promptly introduced him to Clavercin as "Dr. Edgar Mallory, my head!"

At first glance Dr. Mallory looked as if he might have been transferred from the accounting department of the wood pulp business to a more responsible post. His clothes were new, neat, and fitted him. He spoke briskly with a touch of jocular irony and

a little smile. Clavercin immediately pigeon-holed the man as "efficient Yale Y. M. C. A." which, while not exhaustive, was not far wrong. . . .

"Looking us over?" Mallory inquired pleasantly. "We are used to it. Don't say that our campus lacks walks and that our buildings are mostly on paper. I've been trying to see his Majesty all day on some very important matters." (This, Clavercin recognized, was a professorial formula, which he himself would often employ, — meaning anything that one had very much on one's mind.) "But what with the trustees' dinner to-night, and stray grandees from Persia and South Africa, and Mrs. Cordell Clumpton's ball, there's no time for such matters as our new social laboratory in the steel district. . . . Ah, Mrs. Crandall," he interrupted himself as that lady emerged from the vortex about the door, "you managed to see him, of course!"

"Just a wee moment," that gracious lady beamed back, thus removing the sting of her preference, "about the dinner to-night, and the plans for my new girls' dormitory, and a few other things . . . I didn't forget the settlement. . . . Just listen! He wants to cut out the reception rooms in the dormitory as so much 'waste space'! 'Earnest students,' he said,'don't have time for visitors or take them to their rooms!' Imagine! It took me at least five minutes to convince him that some earnest students," she paused to squeeze Miss Stowe's arm, "do have time to receive guests whom they do not care to take to their rooms." She laughed merrily, adding, "Do come over to my place, all of you, and talk."

The longer Clavercin was with her the more he was drawn to this vivid woman. She, too, was of the blood of the pioneers, like Harris and the ex-lumberman Founder. She had the same energy, enthusiasm, force: she came from the same strong prairie soil, but instead of going to loose flesh as it had with Harris, her inheritance had gone into bone and muscle. Something Scotch in her Minnesota ancestry had given her that hard, clear grit, and her wide experience as teacher and executive in the East, her European residence, had refined not only her speech but her outlook on life. While President Harris still had the soil of the prairie clinging about his untidy person, Edith Crandall had it well packed and trodden under her competent feet.

He had of course heard much about this famous woman, — who in the university world had not?

As Dean of Women in the State University, then commissioner of education, she had received more publicity of the newspaper, lecture platform sort. Interspersed somewhere with this was the romance of her marriage to a famous English physicist, melodramatically cut off by the fatal accident which had killed him. Clavercin recalled this as she chatted to him, and he could believe all of it and more, — how indomitably, her personal life thus cut short, she could pick herself up and plunge back vehemently into the lives of others. There was romance in the woman, imagination, and, as he divined, more than romance, more than ready sympathy, — a diplomatic shrewdness, a man's grasp of the actual, and the urge to mold life.

Abruptly turning from her humorous account of her own job she asked him, "Did you get from the president what you wanted?"

"I can't say I got anything," the young man answered ironically, "except a doctor's degree, — which I don't want!"

They had reached the bare apartment, fitted in the prevailing Grand Rapids style, which Mrs. Crandall shared with Miss Stowe. She apologized with a comical wave of her hand for the confusion of hats, coats, books, and papers that cluttered the small living room, for the weak tea and the tasteless bread and butter which after some trouble finally were extracted from the hotel management. After serving the tea Mrs. Crandall returned once more to the young man's personal situation. That was one of her engaging peculiarities, that although as easily distracted from her theme as any quick-witted woman, she never quite lost sight of her objective and sooner or later closed with it.

"Beckwith told me all about you," she began.

"Norman Beckwith!"

"Isn't he splendid? I made up my mind we needed you here, just your kind, but it had to be managed tactfully, you understand. Dr. Harris had already filled up the English department with a lot of university extension material, you know, and Dean Dolittle was not favorable. But Mr. Gorridge, the president of our board is a very intelligent man, anxious to secure the best for

the university. And it is just your type, the cultivated Harvard sort, that we need in this place."

The young man, who after his flurried reception by the president was unaware that his appointment was of any concern to anybody but himself, was agreeably gratified, and warmed still more to this eager woman. It was thanks to her and to that casual meeting last summer in Switzerland with Beckwith, — they had made a couple of ascents together, — that he had received the Harris telegram.

"You know," Mrs. Crandall continued, confidentially lowering her voice as if she were about to confide in him an important secret, "Dr. Harris with all his great gifts, — and he is a wonderful man, — hasn't much discrimination. He likes to think of all men as well as they think of themselves. He is too — optimistic!"

There was evidently plenty of politics in the new institution. At Harvard it was the fashion to look down on college politics, to pretend they did not exist. Whatever wire-pulling went on was discreetly kept out of sight, at least of the younger men. At Eureka the game was played boldly in the open, and Clavercin felt duly excited at being inducted into the best clique. Before his watery tea had quite cooled Mrs. Crandall had extracted from him not only all those conditions of departmental position, of courses, and pay and rank that he had thought to settle with the president, but also many of his inmost, shyest ambitions, — *The Masque of May*, performed by a group of young people at Mt. Desert, his poem in "The Atlantic" so widely quoted the past winter ("The Pleasant Walks of Academe"), the edition of Keats which he had been asked to prepare for a publishing house, — all the little structure of his literary dreams. It seemed perfectly easy and natural to display them before this older woman, with her warm, eager smile of comprehension, her glowing brown eyes.

"You must come and see me often," she urged as he rose to leave. "And we haven't talked of Beckwith!"

Both paused, lips parted in a smile, half humorous, half tender, as if the picture of the absent Norman Beckwith was too complex for hasty exploration.

"He'll be so glad to find you here!" she said. "It's — it's lonely sometimes!"

Clavercin agreed: for all the bustle and excitement of the new Eureka there must be many lonely moments when one felt banished from the amenities, the suavities of an ancient university.

"Oh, stay and see these men," Mrs. Crandall urged, "they are our sort!"

One of the newcomers to whom she immediately introduced Clavercin was Augustus Langdon, professor of international law, a thin, sandy-haired man with a precise, not to say mincing, habit of speech. Clavercin thought him tiresome and patronizing, but Mrs. Crandall handled him with a silky deference. With him was a stout, rosy-cheeked little man, Alfred Cox, professor of Latin, who was of the college politician type; also a slender, sickly looking older man, whose wide mouth trembled humorously when he spoke. Thomas Bayberry, he gathered, had recently returned from Athens to teach Greek in the new university, — "If I can find anybody who will take it!" as he explained to Clavercin.

He left the Veronica in a comfortable glow: Eureka would not be quite the desert island he had feared. Mrs. Crandall came into the hall to repeat, "Now, Edgar, see he gets a good seat at the dinner to-night and meets the right people, — you know!"

In spite of this last touch of maternal friendliness and the picture of Mrs. Crandall picking up the afternoon paper from the floor and waving it to him in farewell with another of those instantaneous and irresistible smiles, oddly enough the dominant image that Clavercin carried away with him was that of the still, self-contained girl, wholly impassive, who had watched Mrs. Crandall as one might watch a noted actress, not critically, but neutrally. There was not much of importance that escaped those gray-green, — or blue-gray? — eyes set rather far back within the well shaped brow of Jessica Stowe. He could not refrain from asking Mallory, as they emerged from the Veronica together, "Who is that Miss Stowe, — what is her connection?"

Mallory with his air of secretarially efficient young America, whose business it is to know everything about everybody and who has no objection to imparting, discreetly, what he knows, replied readily, "She's a daughter of Senator Stowe, the Cotton Thread Stowes of Connecticut, — you know, the largest manufacturers of cotton thread in the world, just being made into a trust. She

met Mrs. Crandall in Europe and became greatly attached to her, — or Mrs. Crandall to her, which is the same thing. Mrs. C. induced her to go into graduate work in social science instead of doing New York society, as her people expected, and brought her out here for assistant. She is to give a course next year. She is very intelligent, — an unusual young woman," he repeated as if that, too, did not wholly explain a smile of private appreciation.

"He hopes to marry her," Clavercin thought. They were proceeding in the direction of the suburban station, which was engulfed in a mound of sand to be used in elevating the tracks.

"You'll find it different out here," Mallory threw out, gropingly, as if he were taking measure of the slim figure beside him. "Doing everything at once in a hurry, education also. But that makes it more exciting, so much opportunity to make yourself felt."

He talked on jerkily, easily, in assorted phrases. He was a graduate of Yale addressing the "Harvard man" in that queer tone of condescension and antagonism which in popular conception must always mark the difference between these two old institutions. "As a Yale man," he seemed to be saying, "I am not supposed to be as refined, as finished a product as they make about Boston, but I am more virile and American than your kind, less of the dilettante, better adapted to understanding the great public and making my place in a thoroughly American environment like this one. I am not as intolerant and unsympathetic as you are likely to be. I can understand different sorts of superiority, while you admit only your own kind." And the other was thinking, — "He's a good sort, one can see that, — but nothing fine. Just like him to be going in for a pseudo-science like sociology which we don't recognize. They never did know what scholarship means at Yale, nor what the American university should do for its students, — try to rub off some of their barbarism."

Meanwhile Mallory informed him that the majority of the Eureka faculty belonged to the Yale camp: a few came from Princeton and Cornell, a number from small Western colleges, only a handful from Harvard. The Harvard representatives were not popular, he gathered, because they expected all to bow down when they announced with an air of finality, "We do thus and so at *Hár-vard*."

"You'll see the whole show at the dinner to-night; we all perform!" Mallory said in parting.

The young man decided to defer his departure until a later train so that he might "take in the show". The trustees' dinner was one of those get-together affairs of which the West is so fond. "We must get acquainted," everybody kept saying.

The dinner was held in a big new hotel which the smoky atmosphere of the city had already tarnished, making it shabby before its time. The public dining-room had been preëmpted for the occasion, which was the first grand demonstration of the might and majesty of the new university, — "the Harris School", as the press familiarly dubbed it. The faculty assembled in cap and gown according to the university regulation, while trustees and distinguished guests were conspicuous in evening clothes.

The food did not occupy much time. It was both showy and frugal: one felt that it had been ordered in a mental conflict between a desire to be lavish and a restraining realization that the academic purse could not stand the strain. "We can't be wasteful," as Dr. Harris said, cutting out an entrée from the menu submitted to him by one of his secretaries. So they got more quickly to the talk which pleased Clavercin, who hoped to have some of his perplexities answered.

The president first rose and stood while the students' band, playing brassily in the gallery, was being quieted. Short, thick, with the round face of a gnome beneath the gold tasseled flat cap, his mussed silk gown swelling comically about his bulky body, the President of Eureka University was in total contrast with the stately figure that in Clavercin's experience embodied academic dignity. Yet, when the tight-pressed lips parted and the first words came, everyone must understand why the man was there.

First he recounted in figures the miracle that had been accomplished in three short years, — the buildings built or to be built, the numbers of students enrolled, the size of the faculty. "And this is but the start! From this we must go on until our university equals the great city of its birth, the great country in which we live." So far, just a forthright business address to business men, — an architect's speech. Was this to be all? Not a word about the function of a university. He was saying, "We must carry the

higher education into office and factory and home, — that is the mission of the new education!"

"University extension," some one sneered, "popular lectures!" As if the speaker had caught the slur, he spoke of his own struggle for an education in a little town on the prairie, of the illumination brought to him by his first college lectures. "We must give to all who will take it the precious revelation of truth," he ended emotionally.

Clavercin, applauding mechanically with the others, caught a glimmering perception of the idea within Eureka, — the university should be not for the few, the select, the endowed, but for all, so that they might gain the larger life of the mind.

"A new religion," he whispered across the table to Miss Stowe, who returned a stony glance, as if her "science" did not admit such emotional extravagance.

She was charming in her black gown, her reddish hair rippling beneath the mortar board.

Samuel Gorridge, president of the Inland Steel Company, spoke for the Board of Trustees, describing in dry humor the compulsive power of the university president's enthusiasm which had enlisted him in the effort to make a university. "This is a great country, a great city, and we must have a first-class university," he said,—and beneath his commonplace words it was difficult to detect any comprehension of what a university should be, — "the best men, the best plant," he repeated and sat down. Mallory spoke for the faculty, "in the lighter vein" for which he was noted. He recounted many of the comic aspects of the new campus, and switched finally into the theme of university usefulness, stressing the importance of a university to a city, what it did for "the larger life of the community".

Only one of the speakers, the old German, Harden, really attacked the idea of what universities existed for, and he spoke with such a strong accent and so vehemently that it was difficult to follow him. It was clear that he did not like faculty meetings, committee meetings, public dinners: he demanded libraries, seminars, capable students, and again and again came the phrase, "We are to find the tru-uth!" which sounded almost comic. At the end he turned his back on the room and, clenching his fists, adjured the president and the trustees as they wished to die

peaceably to enable him to get the documents, the assistants he needed for his great work. Then he whipped around and clenched his fists at the faculty, as he had the habit of doing in faculty meeting, and told his colleagues that they did not know what scholarship was. Everybody laughed more or less. Old Harden was a "character", and every university must have a few "characters", like ivy and parchment. The trustees looked amused for the first time.

The last speaker was a gentleman from Oxford who made a pleasant little talk about old and new colleges, contrasting his own Corpus Christi with Eureka. "Another thousand years," he said consolingly in conclusion, "and you may have some grass on your campus like our English turf, — and that is what makes a university!" They laughed at his little joke.

"All the same he is nearer the mark than the others," Clavercin confided to Dr. Stowe, as the diners rose with relief from their seats. "But not one of them seems to know what a university should be!"

"That I should think is obvious," the young woman retorted priggishly.

"It isn't just a museum or a plant. It isn't just a place for Harden to write history in or to train other historians to write history. It isn't, as Mallory seems to think, a school for educating helpful young men like himself to be good citizens!"

"What do you think it should be?"

"I don't know exactly, — after to-day," he laughed back. "I must come out here to find out what it should be. As the Englishman said, it's a place where you grow turf, — but not for just a few to walk on!"

"So that's the Harvard idea?" she demanded truculently.

"It's my own — what's yours?"

"It would take too long to explain in detail."

Clavercin sauntered down the boulevard to his train, utterly wearied from the jumbled impressions of the day, confused in mind, and troubled over his own decision, which loomed momentously before him. The moon emerging from a bank of black cloud illumined fitfully the still lake, and revealed the classical outlines of the new art building in face of a giant unfinished skyscraper. Beyond was a grimy jumble of shacks beside the "tem-

porary" railroad station. That was the city, a jumble of efforts and makeshifts, to which a university was being added.

"The university will change all this," he muttered sleepily, "no, I mean change the lives of people so that they can't endure all this. Oh, hell, do I know what a university is for, — except to pay salaries!" But he woke in the middle of the night as his car bumped over a crossing, saying, "I have it, — a university is to discover and teach the Art of Life." Having settled this he went back to sleep quite soundly, knowing that he should accept the invitation to "join the circus", and find out more clearly what he meant. It was in fact the only way in which he could marry Louise, and that seemed to him then of paramount importance.

2

"It seems to me, Mr. President," — that was the formula used by most of the speakers in faculty meeting. Why could they not say simply, "I think so and so," — or blurt out whatever they had on their minds, as old Bayberry, the archeologist, did on the rare occasions when he opened his twisted, trembling lips to emit some pithy irony! And why were they possessed to speak, emitting their commonplaces, heating themselves to feeble passion over trivial differences? After the first few times, when the novelty and dignity of being a full-fledged member of a university faculty had led him to hurry into his alpaca gown after his late class, Clavercin, like most of the younger men, had become slack in his attendance on faculty. At first it gave him an uneasy feeling to ignore the typed summons, also a sense of recklessness: it was generally believed that the president's confidential secretary listed absent members. Well, he was not yet sure that the university was to be his life forever, and in any case he did not intend to be the slave of an empty form.

There was one meeting of the faculty over an issue that aroused general interest. It was when the president's committee, appointed to inquire into the system of entrance requirements, reported in favor of substituting certificates for examinations. The certificate system of accepting students from the schools was in vogue everywhere in the country except in a few of the older universities. The new university had begun bravely by examining candidates for admission, "just like Harvard or Yale". But within a few

years it was painfully apparent that the community did not take to the examination system: students preferred colleges that accepted them graciously by certificate. Eureka might have a large endowment, a distinguished faculty, better equipped buildings, facilities, but it did not attract students.

It was a full meeting. All the older men spoke. Clavercin glowed under the furious eloquence of old Harden, who denounced this "American get-learning-quick idea", and recalled tenderly his own German university. "What business have we teaching riff-raff from the streets?" he hurled at the president, shaking his fist. "Giff me that library you promised me when I came here and those advanced students!" The faculty smiled, even tittered, recalling the miserable shack at the other end of the campus which housed the famous library bought at auction from a second-hand dealer, and the President actually blushed through his sallow skin.

Nothing, of course, was resolved by all the talk, — it never was. Two hours of oratory left the question just where it started, with those who wanted numbers obviously in the majority, and the others bitter; some of those near the door slipped out in the growing obscurity. Then the electric light was turned on, and the bare factory-like room gleamed in hard brilliance, while outside a pitiless winter rain beat across the unfinished campus in wild gusts.

Just as the president was bestirring himself to finish the futility, Norman Beckwith rose in the rear of the room and, in a voice so hoarse with a strange emotion that Clavercin scarcely recognized it, began to speak. The dean, he said, had treated the question as a joke; the dean was fond of his little joke. Perhaps education, the university itself, was a joke: it remained to be proved whether they could make of Eureka anything better than a joke, a stupid joke perpetrated by a rich man. The faculty leaned forward, moved uncomfortably in their seats, as if on the edge of a scandal. One did not say that sort of thing openly like that, — one hardly said it privately among friends unless one happened to be a frivolous scoffer from the East. Clavercin listened amazed at the words coming from the man he was living with, his most intimate friend in the faculty. Of course he knew Beckwith's general views about "Barnum's show". But with the reticence of his breed, Beckwith had never opened the serious

depths of himself like this. And the faculty were listening as they had not listened to the other speakers, however much they disliked his doctrine: they were listening to this young man who, turning scornfully upon the official bench of popularizers about the president, asked them in the words of old Harden, — what is a university for? To attract students by athletics and fraternity houses, who hope to mount from one social stratum to a little higher one, thanks to their college associations? Or was it for those who desired to follow the long hard road of science and scholarship, to keep alight the sacred fires of learning? Jessica Stowe, Clavercin noted, was watching Beckwith narrowly, but her still face made no sign that he had convinced her. Beckwith went on to paint the scholar's life, lean, lonely, unlovely, wholly absorbed in its devotion to immaterial things, its reward an inner reward. "And to them you talk about numbers!"

"He speaks like a priest," some one near Clavercin remarked. It was apt. Yes, Beckwith was an ascetic at heart, — though last night he had been quite drunk, Clavercin recalled. This was the creed of his spirit, the monastic creed with its denials and exaltations.

"Mr. Beckwith has mistaken the purpose of the report," the president said. "It is not designed to lower the standards of the university, but to make the opportunities it has to offer the youth of this community more easily accessible. Shall we set ourselves above the community — or meet it?" One could see that he was endeavoring to reconcile his own passionate desire to "make the university count" with this move to lower the banner of "high standards" so proudly raised. In the end some sort of vote was taken, the report adopted, and before the president could pronounce, "The ayes have it," the members of the faculty were hastily donning rain coats and overshoes and hurrying into the hall.

It seemed to Clavercin as he listened to the president's hurried "The ayes have it," as if the doom of the new venture had been pronounced; that there was nothing now to be done except to write Louise they could not be married this June; he must resign and hunt for an honest job elsewhere, in competition with those other vulgarians who sweated frankly for the right to live in the grimy offices of the city.

Beckwith's laughter greeted him at the entrance. "Well, old man, they had us on the run!"

Miss Stowe, who was waiting in the vestibule with Mrs. Crandall while Mallory hunted for a cab, remarked, "Does it make so much difference, — I mean the university will get just about the same sort of student either way!"

"Perhaps," Beckwith admitted; "all the same it makes a difference, all the difference there is between pretending and being."

The young woman challenged this statement with a little smile. "Is there any such distinction?"

The arrival of the cab cut off the retort to this daring question. Mrs. Crandall remarked, by way of consolation, as she stepped into the cab, "This vote isn't the last word. We must keep up the fight! Sorry to leave you, but we are due at a party at the other end of the city."

She waved the young men farewell as the horse cab set forth. The faculty in bunches of twos and threes were streaming across the open campus with coats close-buttoned, bending under umbrellas, bound for home and supper. Their thin legs and fluttering coat-tails presented a ridiculous exterior.

"Well, shall we go over to Fleshie's for a drink to get the taste out of our mouths?" Beckwith suggested.

Instead they ate the frugal meal offered at the faculty club and returned to the rooms they shared in one of the new dormitories. Before attacking the night's task the four occasionally read aloud a canto of the *Purgatorio*. Clavercin, who had once studied Dante under a famous professor of *belles lettres*, felt that the practise restored the amenities so woefully slaughtered at Eureka. He had a sense of defiance in reading out the passionate phrases of the fierce Italian, whose symbolism seemed so alien to the flat world around him. To-night the rain beat gustfully against the windows, the boisterous wind swept papers and rubbish over empty lots. Bent over the littered table beneath the unshaded drop light the four repeated the sonorous words of the text and forgot the dribble of the day, the class routine, the futile discussion in faculty, examinations, standards, and all. Clavercin had the impression, so often repeated in this university world, that no crisis was real. Men talked and heated themselves

about ideas, principles, theories, policies. Some sort of action was taken, and the world remained as flat, as unmoved as before. Thus the hills of momentous decision always receded into the distance.

Before putting out the light in his own room Clavercin looked down on the bare campus, lighted sparsely by solitary arc lamps, which revealed black pools of water, not yet absorbed by the sandy soil. A few stunted oak trees, relics of the original prairie, raised gnarled branches to the dark heavens. The skeleton of the new commons building at the further corner could be seen, also the new biological laboratories already roofed in. A lonely figure moved across the deserted quadrangle below, — some belated student coming home from the library. Clavercin, contrasting the desolate space of the empty campus with the lovely intimate quads of the English Cambridge that he had visited one vacation, shivered. "A thousand years to grow turf like that!" yes, easily. Eureka was so ugly, so raw, so flat! One must live here for the future. He wanted to live in the present. Had he the courage to quit, now that he knew what it was like? Louise expected they would be married in the spring. She wouldn't understand. No, he hadn't the courage. He pulled his clothes over his head and tried to forget it all, murmuring inappositely the sonorous words, "*Sua voluntad é nostra pace*," which somehow comforted him.

3

There was the alleviation of Flesheimer's. Beckwith had discovered this beer-garden saloon, one among many on a disreputable avenue not far from the university. The old Bavarian and his fat, fresh-faced *frau* had kept the place since those prehistoric days when farmers with their produce on their way into the growing city had stopped there to bait their horses and have a drink of bitter Milwaukee beer. Flesheimer kept his place with German neatness and decorum, serving Rhine wines and excellent Kentucky whiskey as well as the bitter domestic beer. Behind the saloon was the "garden", a tiny graveled spot containing a few old poplar trees, some benches and tables, an "arbor" of course. Here Beckwith with his following would come on pleasant afternoons to drink beer and talk. Professors were not supposed to frequent such places any more than the clergy, — and that made

it pleasantly exciting to go to Fleshie's, as they called it. When some case of student discipline being up in general faculty, Dean Dolittle had remarked dryly, "Inasmuch as certain members of this faculty are known to enter saloons," accusing eyes immediately sought out "the Harvard gang", as they were called.

"Yes, I go to Flesheimer's," Beckwith admitted promptly, flushing slightly. "Why shouldn't I?"

Mallory, who was presiding, turned the matter off with a joke, but the student's case was dropped. After this to go to Fleshie's became all the more a symbol of freedom, a way of shaking one's fist at the hypocrisies of Eureka, like cutting faculty or abstaining from chapel. A few glasses of beer at Flesheimer's, a steak in onions when they wanted to escape the monotony of faculty club meals, was their single compensation. They wiled thither as many of their colleagues as they could, making their simple conviviality a test of superiority. Mallory came a few times to demonstrate his broad-mindedness and ostentatiously drank ginger ale. Also Sanderson, an energetic young Westerner recently appointed to the chair of geography, and the statistician Ampthill, who had wild, goggly eyes and a slobbery, uncertain mouth. Sanderson smiled at the free talk, the flourish of revolt: he was an "arrivist", as they dubbed all those who followed the rules and voted with the administration. He was just married and determined to make of his new chair of geography a stepping stone into office.

They talked wildly, condemning the university's "advertising methods", its thin program of expansion, its pretentious announcements, university extension, co-education, all the novelties, then occasionally got off into wider topics of the day. Beckwith and Snow talked as if they were socialists, — it was the period of Shavian Fabianism, and the proper pose was to question the foundations of society. Snow knew a circle of people that sympathized with the so-called "Chicago anarchists", and Ampthill had his differences with the timid head of his department on the question of "trusts," which were then very much on the public mind.

"Just because some fat-head millionaire took a fancy to start a university instead of a racing stable, and a lot of bank presidents and trust magnates meet Prexy's deficits, there is no reason

we shouldn't say what we think about these things," Snow averred.

They were much agitated when Ampthill was summoned to the president's office and solemnly warned that he must take strictly "impersonal and scientific" views in his teaching about public utilities.

"They can't smother us, — tell us what to teach!" Beckwith grumbled over the beer and pretzels.

"No, but they can tell us what not to teach," Clavercin warned.

"Christ, they don't dare! Their money is too rotten, — they'll have to be liberal — so the papers will soft-pedal Larson's methods."

New trusts were sprouting daily, new fortunes being made. The American world was rushing madly after bigness, "combines", which the little people, the outsiders, regarded resentfully. "This dirty beer is made by a combine," they grumbled. "The shop itself is run like a trust."

Paradoxically the same leaven was working in their own ranks, the same feverish desire to pluck riches from the air. Sugden, the cadaverous professor of church history, follower of the races and admirer of athletes, had picked up an "inventor" somewhere, who had a marvelous gas machine. Beckwith first became interested and put up the money to install the man and his machine in a dilapidated brick building somewhere in the steel district. Soon the shares of "Gas and Slag", as the company was called, were circulating on the "university bourse" at Fleshie's, changing hands quickly at advancing prices, as Beckwith or Sugden brought in news of progress at the "plant". Then Ampthill appeared with a company to irrigate arid lands along western rivers by hydraulic pumps operated from the flow of the stream. This modernized version of an ancient Egyptian process was named "Buckets".

The air was rife with speculation, about the campus as in the murky city. It was known that Aleck Harding (in physics) had made a sizable fortune by a successful turn in "Carbon", but Harding happened to be married to a rich wife, and her people were supposed to "have let him in on good things". There was a feverish, restless spirit of dissatisfaction with life as it was, with

the flatness, the monotony of Eureka, not only in the university but in the city, and the instinctive need for escape took the form of Aladdin's lamp and paper securities. The names appealed to Beckwith, — Dr. Jack Pot, Gold Pan, the Development Co. of America. Long afterward, finding the faded certificates in an old trunk he burst into strange ironic laughter, expressive of the fantastic dreams of his youth.

This speculation fed their imaginations through the dreary winter months of that first year, gave them a peep-hole into fulfilments: they discussed gravely what they should do when they "had cashed in". Walter Snow would be off to Rome and the manuscripts in the Vatican, Sugden had in mind a ranch in California, Clavercin dreamed of New York. Only a few hundred dollars of actual money was involved in the transactions of the university bourse at Flesheimer's: all the rest were notes of hand and elaborately engraved certificates. Ampthill had out six thousand dollars of such notes, more than three years' salary, when the crash came, and all were heavily "extended".

The crash was precipitated when Ampthill persuaded the pompous Aleck Harding to take a thousand shares of Buckets off his hands for cash at a rise of two hundred per cent. When a few days later Harding discovered that Buckets lived only on paper, he tried to induce Ampthill to return his money, and failing to obtain it went to the president. Dr. Harris had already received rumors through Dean Dolittle of the activity of the university bourse; also a trustee, who had had his eye on Ampthill since the latter had attacked the report of his gas company, called the president's attention to "the disgraceful gambling among your professors."

Ampthill, to be sure, had completely lost his head, neglecting his classes, trading shares even in the corridors of Founder's Hall. One morning he was summoned hurriedly to the president's office, and thereafter his fate was more or less mysterious. Beckwith had it that Ampthill was to be made a horrible example, not for the neglect of his duties, but because he had aroused the enmity of the trustees for his activity as "expert". They had been "laying for him" and pounced upon his stock transactions as an excuse. Harding, it was clear, was a yellow dog. They wished to throw Ampthill out and publish their reasons, they were so

righteously shocked, and perhaps Dr. Harris might have yielded to the pressure had it not been for Mrs. Crandall.

"But you can't do that," she said to the president. "It would make a horrid mess: besides, Mrs. Ampthill is going to have a baby, poor thing!"

So in the end Ampthill was paroled to a country farm in charge of his wife to recover from a nervous attack, and all calmed down on the surface. But Ampthill never returned to Eureka.

Mrs. Crandall gave the members of the university bourse a mild warning, "You shouldn't be doing things like that, — you are too old to play marbles for money like that!"

Clavercin winced.

"You don't call it playing marbles when Harding makes a pot of money," Beckwith grumbled.

"Nor when Morgan cleans up a few millions," she retorted swiftly, "though in principle it may be the same! There are just certain things one can't do if one is a university professor, don't you see?"

"Why be a university professor?" Beckwith gibed. "Much better to be a university trustee."

Mrs. Crandall shook a warning finger at him.

"I know how — dull it often is," she said sympathetically, "how small the salaries are and all that, but the way out doesn't lie through the stock market. You, Beaman, should be saving every penny against your marriage . . . and you, Norman, should get married too, — then you would be too busy to play craps."

Beckwith laughed. Thereafter the transactions on the university bourse rapidly decreased. The inventor disappeared with his mysterious formula for a cheap gas made from the refuse of steel mills, leaving his university backers numerous small accounts to settle. Buckets never got off paper, while the heavier-than-air-machine rose fifty feet, made one erratic glide, and sank forever into the lake.

"I bet if you went through the boxes of the trustees you would find just as many bum investments," Snow protested.

"Yes," said Clavercin, who had taken his experience seriously to heart, "but you would find some good ones too."

"We should be above such filthy material ends," Beckwith mocked.

They were having supper cozily in Mrs. Flesheimer's rear parlor. The Flesheimer habit too ran out, hastened by a scandalous dinner that Beckwith gave in honor of Mallory's engagement to Miss Jessica Stowe.

"It is a university Event," he proclaimed, "the truly Eurekan solution of the sex question: educate your wife first. Everybody is giving the happy couple dinners and all that to celebrate. We must do our part!"

Flesheimer was induced to decorate the little arbor in the garden with roses and smilax. A dozen of the younger members of the faculty were invited, also old Thomas Bayberry, who was an admirer of Mallory. Beckwith somehow persuaded the discreet Mallory to put on for the occasion a ridiculous white gown that made him look like a big baby. Thus robed he sat beside his host, whose large blue eyes winked ominously as the men ate stiffly the good food set before them and talked shop. Beckwith ordered another round of cocktails, then Rhine wine, finally champagne. When he rose to greet his guests, tongues had already begun to loosen, and feeble academic jokes to circulate. Beckwith's theme, like Dr. Harris's, was the opportunities of Eureka, of which Mallory was making such notable use, and ended with a free version of the Athanasian creed. Bayberry who was seated at the opposite end of the table stared frigidly through his glasses.

"That is blasphemous," he pronounced as Beckwith started on the creed.

"It is the higher criticism," Beckwith corrected, bowing to Bayberry.

"Beckwith is getting drunk," Bayberry pronounced unequivocally, rising from his seat.

"Of course I am getting drunk, as my distinguished colleague has observed. I wish he would do the same."

Bayberry rose from the table, dropped his napkin on the floor, and stalked stiffly out of the arbor. The pebbles crunched under his retreating footsteps. A hush fell momentarily on the party.

"Now that the Puritan has shaken us like the pebbles from his feet, let us resume our festivity. More champagne, Fleshie!"

Clavercin had a fleeting conviction that the path of prudence lay in Bayberry's footsteps, but instead let Flesheimer fill his glass with fresh champagne. After that he was not clear what

happened. He had a distorted picture of the guest of the occasion fleeing before Beckwith and Snow, and trying to divest himself of his ceremonial robe, at which the others clutched. Later Beckwith and Sugden were sitting in the garden in the moonlight, giving an impromptu version of the Mallory wooing. After that all was blank.

The party at Flesheimer's resounded on the campus the next morning. Some students had happened into the saloon and peeked into the garden while Beckwith and Sugden were in amorous colloquy, and the married men had told their wives. Beckwith appeared in chapel, very straight and solid, singing loudly in his curious broken barytone, "How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord." At the close of the brief exercise Dr. Harris took Beckwith into his office; they remained closeted there a long time, while outside a mob of visitors and professors scowled and stormed the secretaries. When Beckwith emerged his face was flushed, and he was repressing a smile.

"Well?" Clavercin queried nervously, expecting nothing less than dismissal.

"The old man is all right. We had quite a talk, — about Munich beer and other things. No more Fleshie's this term, my boy. He wanted to know what was the matter with Eureka, — why we went to Fleshie's and played stocks. I told it to him straight; it's impossible to take this place seriously. He took it quite nicely. He wants me to help make it serious, take the junior deanship."

"Now think of that!" Sugden murmured rapturously.

"I told him I'd consider it. The trouble with this job is its necessary hypocrisy. We are expected to set an example for a couple of thousand young people, who don't give a damn, incidentally, for our example. We are supposed to be religious, upright, God-fearing, chaste, abstemious, and a lot more. We can't be all that . . . but if we are found out we must be fired to appease the wrath of the community. It's the great game of not getting found out, same as Larson, as I told the old man."

And thus the Flesheimer days ended.

TO BE CONTINUED

WAR OR PEACE?

III — The Fool Value of Food

EDWARD MURRAY EAST

H. G. WELLS has said that the fate of civilization hangs upon the outcome of a race between education and catastrophe. The real race, according to Mr. East, is between our ever increasing population and our dwindling food supply. In the first paper in this series, Mr. Fairchild pointed out that men fight for food. Mr. East proves that war and famine must come relentlessly unless we control the growth of population. In December, Havelock Ellis will further develop the arguments for a controlled population.

AN early memory, vivid with the vividness of such childhood trivialities, is a group of thirsty urchins at the schoolhouse pump dodging from under a shower of water, warned by the sudden cry, "All 'at goes up, must come down." As the days go by and I become more and more able to view the passionate struggle of life with detachment and serenity, this raucous shout ceases to have the humor of a boyish prank, ceases even to be a juvenile appreciation of Galileo and the *Principia*, and becomes a cosmic philosophy.

In Nature *all* things wax and wane. We live on the fringe of a dying world, born of a star long past the fiery vigor of its youth. If we read the facts aright, we came as the final triumph of a languishing life-spark, the end link in a train of change. Having risen from the lowly, risen far, we have paid the price of those who rise, and are bound in a rigid mold of specialization which narrowly circumscribes our upward aspirations. The only easy way is backward, downward, a long trend which cannot be avoided by power of intellect or will to do. As the globe grows cold beneath his feet, man will yield up his sceptre; and the huge skulls of the great dinosaurs will grin in derision.

Only in the shorter cycles, — for there are shorter cycles also, — is there hope of staying the wheel of fate. It is no show of wisdom to feel that the star of the present civilization, which rose so swiftly to the zenith during the last century, will stop its onward motion because our people hold such flattering unctions in their souls. These are vain expectations. Tribes and races have come and gone; and nations have ebbed and flowed and ebbed again. The present age will follow. What power we have is merely to de-

lay the day, to prorogue things as they are. And this task will be one to dwarf the labors of Hercules. It will take all man's intellect, all his efforts, all his skill. That our civilization will thus obtain a respite is by no means a certainty, considering the generally stupid character of our choice of action heretofore. And surely no one could maintain that it deserves such charity. But one may rest assured that a reprieve could be fashioned out of the existing store of knowledge which it would be impossible for Nature to disregard, were the wisdom of the vanguard to be requisitioned by the crowd.

The direct causes influencing the rise and fall of empires and of social orders have been many. One may find them in the pressure of a harsh environment, in an inward urge for change, in religious zeal, in personal ambition, in the awakening of a repressed caste, in the discovery of a new tool. The strident mosquito, spreading malaria in its path, may have caused the fall of Greece. The whims of a king's mistress have rocked Europe more than once. Seeking for a fundamental *vera causa* for these upheavals, our industrious students have dug deep into the mire, and usually have come up grasping nothing but mud. At times they have even fallen so low as to explain complacently that society is upset by ridiculously superficial matters because it is *unstable*. Their difficulty is a common one, search in the wrong place, like those bacteriologists who seek the cause of the disintegration of the human frame in the life-histories of its various parasites instead of in the inherent strength and weakness of the organism itself.

It ought to be obvious to everyone that the correct answer to the problem is biological, since human society is little more than a colony of living mammals. In fact the answer stares straight from the pages of Darwin and of Morgan. Yet Flinders Petrie, of all the host of theorizers, is the only one who has ever attempted a biological interpretation. His hypothesis, based on half-truth and therefore more misleading than if it had been wholly erroneous, postulates a periodic rise and fall due to the supposedly evanescent vigor accompanying racial hybridization; he had read only Darwin.

Variation and heredity are the prime movers both in progressive and retrogressive evolution. The diverse environmental changes which stand out with such self-conscious importance as

historical events are merely sluice-gates to force the handiwork of these inseparable forces into various channels. We endeavor to interpret the humps and valleys in the curve of civilization by classifying these direct causes as things in themselves. It is a mistake. What we should take into account is their effects on the grist of that unvarying machine which acts in the transmission of hereditary characters from generation to generation. Of the working of this machine we now know a great deal, thanks to the progress of genetics under the leadership of Morgan. And when the historical minutiæ are taken for just what they are, variant means for expanding and contracting the meshes of the sieve of natural selection, we are in a position both to appraise the grand strategy of past evolution and to predict with some confidence that of the future.

Variety gives much more than a spice, a zest, to life. It is a pivot upon which every phase of life turns, as effective to-day as it was ages ago when it furnished the point of departure for the motley array of organisms with which the earth now teems. And the force of heredity is persistent, inflexible. It works with mathematical precision. If men would rule their destinies, therefore, they must take it upon themselves to influence social customs having a survival value in such a way that these powerful Siamese twins, variation and heredity, are guided opportunely in a way to bring about race betterment. No other course is open.

One hardly goes astray in saying that, in so far as there can be a single cause for the wavelike course of human progress, it proceeds from the fact that men were not created equal. If such could possibly have been the case when once the human race had come into existence, if variation had been abolished with the first dawn of human consciousness, man's affairs would have taken on a standardized routine worthy of the ant-hill and just as deadly. There would have been no Moses, no Pericles, no Newton, no Napoleon, no Pasteur. With all men of one type, with thought and action on a common level, it would have mattered little whether one were warrior, statesman, scientist, or artist. Distribution of tasks might have been by lot. When toga or tool fell, it would have been grasped by the hand of an equally stupid successor. Environment would have ruled supreme, and men would have been no longer men but helpless automata. Retrogression

unthinkable, progress impossible! No waves in the curve of human affairs; instead, a straight line, level as the Dead Sea, changing only as a shoreline changes by the physical forces of inanimate nature! But it could not have lasted long. Every mother's son would have wanted the easy tasks in the general allotment, and within a decade the race would have died of starvation. Clearly the scheme would have had advantages.

This sketch is not merely a burlesque; rather it serves to show by contrast what presumably has occurred in a world where inherent diversities of character and of capacity are almost infinite. The race has arrived at its present status because survival value was correlated with worth-while characteristics during the upward climb. But for a long period there has been a general alteration in these values. Natural selection is not what it was. Nearly every turn of civilization has made a change which, in some respects at least, has been for the worse. One does not need to draw upon the imagination to realize that the tendency to take on democratic and socialistic reforms, — valuable as these may have been in certain ways, — the trend of warfare, or even the rise of modern science as manifested by public health work and reflected in the fall of the death-rate, no longer place a premium on the survival either of good bodies or of high-grade brains.

It is open to dispute whether the negation of natural selection, which formerly favored normal bodies and races immune to parasites, is as serious a matter as it has seemed to numerous believers in the cruder type of Darwinism. As I have pointed out elsewhere, if the infective agents of the various diseases that have been such serious scourges in the past can be banished from the earth, then we do not need to fear them; natural immunity to them is not essential. Nevertheless such an admission does not damage our main conclusion. The whole tendency of modern society is to reverse the order of nature, — a policy of giving the under dog a chance. It is an admirable program. But it must be realized that if the human species is going to interfere with nature at all, it must be done all along the line; and to do this effectively, there must be better and better brains.

Here is where we fail. A few thousand brains have given the world all that has brought it above savagery. As agents of civilization the other hundreds of millions are negligible. Yet intelli-

gence is not valued by the crowd, and the desirability of conserving intelligence for the good of the race hardly presents itself to those personages we set on high to rule.

This selective change has been going on for a long time, if historical time may be counted as long. Egypt is not now peopled by those who made Egypt great. The glories that were Greece are gone. Why? Because the precious germ-plasm, the exceptional hereditary endowment, which gave Egypt and Greece their distinguished sons is gone. It has been outbred. The family lines, with the varied collections of traits producing the result called genius, have been extinguished by pressure from below. And the same process is working its woe to-day. One or two individuals in each million of the modern world are worth all the rest of the collection; and the tendency of modern times is to undermine the selective agencies which made possible those few.

Mix and boil the varied ingredients of our sociological problems as one may, therefore, the final product has always one flavor. Eugenics is the keystone of the population problem; and population control in size and kind is the sole problem of applied sociology, for it includes all lesser problems. A gain in human quality and a reduction in human quantity are the essential requirements for sustaining the present fashion in civilization. What Havelock Ellis calls the "conquest of the birth-rate", and not the material conflict still so vivid in our memories, will be the World War of the twentieth century.

* * *

Let us see why this conclusion thrusts itself upon us from every side, inevitable as a shadow. What will happen if the present course is held despite the warnings of those who reason?

Man has always had to struggle. Wind and wave, soil and climate, beast and fellow man, have been against him. He still must fight, — to-day, to-morrow, and forever, — if he is to survive for a reasonable season. He could not escape it if he would, perhaps he would not if he could. Yet in part only is this strife desirable, only in part is it inexorable. Inconsiderate and unnecessary conflicts hold no good for the soul, the body, or the race. And man has learned by bitter experience that the most irrational and unnecessary struggles are those with his own kind.

Feeling this, he gropes along, hoping by chance to find a way to escape them; and here he comes in contact with a unique paradox. Nature has cared more for race survival than for the peace and comfort of the individual, hence the reproductive instinct has been made paramount.

To man only has been given the intelligence to see that personal happiness counts, that there is an art of living to be pitted against mere continuance. Unfortunately, he soon discovers, the two are out of keeping with each other, incompatible as oil and water. The harder he labors to keep his stomach filled, and the more successful he is in doing it, the greater the multitude of new arrivals who crowd in and overwhelm him; and, the denser the swarm becomes, the harder he labors to keep the stomach filled. Man sees, then, only three lines of conduct available. He must limit his reproductive capacity, speed his food production, or exterminate his rivals.

The eugenic folly of modern warfare is not a valid argument for the commoner, nor is he actually restrained on ethical grounds, — for his side is always right; but in his calmer and more rational moments he is convinced of the absurdity of the thing economically, the madness of it personally, whether the combatant be victor or vanquished; and he will have none of it if he can avoid it. This narrows the alternatives to a food production which outstrips the natural increase of population, or restriction. Obviously the wise choice is a population standardized at that point where productive efficiency is highest. And experiments in this direction have been made most successfully, oddly enough, by the so-called savage races. The means of restriction used in the past, however, — infanticide, abortion, and enforced celibacy, — did not prove satisfactory for various good and sufficient reasons. The newer method, contraception, although beneficial physiologically, unobjectionable ethically, and adequate economically in the sense of decreasing a plain waste of energy, is much too novel yet to have broken down the prejudices that in those customs connected with marriage and reproduction have become almost impregnable because of their presumptive religious significance. Hence the rank and file of the civilized nations have chosen enhanced food production as the means by which to win the game. They are beaten at the start. We shall see why.

The globe in this day and age being largely covered with water, very little of it can be used to satisfy man's vulgar needs for sustenance, despite the undue hopes of the sages who have not studied the fishing industry. For those who delight in figures, thirteen thousand million acres, about one quarter of the land area, is the maximum quantity thought to be available for tillage. And an extended study of the productive capacity of this land leads to the conclusion that fifty-two hundred million people, about three times the present population, is the largest number that can be supported under any reasonably desirable conditions of freedom and happiness. Since this figure would be reached in less than a century if the present rate of increase continued unabated, complacent disregard of Malthusian contentions is hardly reasonable. In truth a critical examination of the situation in the various countries leads to disquieting inferences even now. The facts would make exciting headlines for the yellow journals were it not that the yellowest of our daily news-sheets prefer to record only the actual results of population increase in the form of wars and famines. When philosophically considering suggestions for the future on the editorial page, they take the highly moral ground that all is right with the world because God is in his Heaven ceaselessly watching over his simple-minded children so woefully lacking in ability to take care of themselves.

Such show of credulous presumption has a hollow sound, — ignorance armoring itself with words to keep its courage up. One must have a touch of optimism to make life endurable, but one also needs a grain of pessimism to keep from being a fool. Schooling for the over-confident lies in population studies. Coming to scoff, one remains to pray when one learns from the censuses and the classified death-rates that half of the world's eighteen hundred millions play their meagre parts in the great drama under conditions of serious over-population. Too few people understand this fact clearly. No part of the world is over-populated, they argue, when opportunity still remains to support greater numbers. But this is a superficial view. It is true that three times the present population might be ready for the enumerator at any given moment, yet at what a price. Their allotted term of years would be less than half of the current figure for Australia, where the situation is not Utopian by any means. In fact the expectation

of life at birth in India to-day is not much over half of what it might be under conceivable conditions of practical idealism; in China it is still less. The present toll from actual famine is only a few millions annually, one must admit, but the actual life-toll all over the world, due directly to the economic struggle, is sufficiently high to make one shudder. No; over-population is not a figure of speech, or an imaginative fancy. There is over-population wherever the prospective happiness of the average man is cut down because industrial activity as a whole shows diminishing returns. And within half a century even the United States will reach this point.

Practically all of Europe and of Asia are sadly over-populated; while even our own country has reached the point where, for the good of the present tenants and their heirs, growth should rapidly diminish. And the remaining temperate regions, where, alone, continued intense industrial effort is possible for the white man, are not so large as is usually supposed. The tropics one may neglect. The oriental tropics are already pretty well filled by brown and yellow peoples. The tropical parts of Africa and of America are also very close to the population saturation-point of the races now holding them, but by civilized standards are decidedly undermanned. They will be settled more densely by other peoples later as science slowly makes closer packing possible. But this need not detain us here. They will never furnish great quantities of food for export to the indigents of the older countries, for rapid exploitation will always remain impossible.

The status of Asia concerns us only academically. It is necessary to give it only that cold and stoical glance with which the white man appraises the plight of all his distant relations. Asia is a choice example of Malthusian repression. Peopled to the limit, living perforce on the produce of the homeland, unrelieved by emigration through lack of colonies, the standard of living is unconscionably low, and hideous death-rates measure the might of its people's adversity quantitatively and definitely. The exceptional and anomalous situation which really interests us is that of Europe and her colonies.

The people of western Europe live well as compared with the average for the world at large. The standard has become increasingly higher since the dawn of the age of steel at the begin-

ning of the nineteenth century. Prospering, they have increased enormously in population. But not for the reason usually ascribed. Mechanical invention was responsible, it is true; but not directly. Neither steam nor electricity has measurably increased the yields of foodstuffs on any given unit of soil. What they have done is to make possible a rapid agricultural exploitation of large areas. Yields per man have mounted to four times or even to six times the old figure, yields per acre have dropped to less than half of what they were on fields cultivated intensely by hand in regions where there was population pressure. New land, then, the rolling prairies, the rich river bottom, and the fertile valleys of the Americas, of southern Africa, and of Austrialia and New Zealand, were the direct cause of prosperity and population increase in western Europe. England, France, Germany, and the Low Countries were able to build up a great oversea commerce in which the products of mechanical industry were bartered for food. And the result is that the lives of eighty-five millions in these countries now depend on provender from foreign parts.

The progress and prosperity of this multitude have been possible only because new countries existed where extensive, shallow, soil-robbing methods of cultivation could yield food faster than new mouths appeared to consume it. But this is a temporary condition fast being overcome; and it is a condition which is never to be repeated, for undiscovered treasures of new land do not exist. That which happened in the United States is happening in the English colonies and in Argentina. Our country expanded in population tenfold in less than a hundred years. It holds a hundred and fifteen million people to-day. And diminishing returns in agriculture have set in. It is no longer truly a food-exporting country. The younger nations are taking the same course; their census returns prove it. In fifty years there will be too many people within their own borders to permit the sale of food to be the chief occupation. The densely populated nations of the old world must then raise their own provisions or go without.

The fundamental trouble with western Europe to-day is in trying to adjust to the break in its commercial activities caused by the war. During the hiatus between 1914 and 1918, the nations which formerly had sent out food not only continued to expand in numbers, but also in home industries. This fact produced a pre-

carious situation in England, Belgium, and Italy, and with the breakdown in Russia, made matters hardly less uncertain and dangerous among the central powers.

To put the whole case briefly, the genius of the inventor has permitted the exploitation of new countries at such a rate that population was not able to keep pace with production. The Malthusian law was repealed — temporarily. But the phase soon passed the peak of the cycle and is on the downward turn. The tidal wave of population increase must in turn show recession. Its crest has already passed over Europe and has reached the new world, as Pearl's curves of census history show.

It is an old story. There would be records of other such cycles if history were complete. The domestication of animals undoubtedly brought one, the introduction of agriculture another. What will be the next? Or will there be a next? Personally I have no sanguine expectation that another progressive revolution will occur in man's affairs which will permit the means of sustenance to be piled up faster than the population, if the reproductive instinct is not bridled and controlled. I may be wrong, but at least I have studied the matter in all of its various angles long and carefully. Some see the possibility of rapid conquest of the tropics. Perhaps. But those who know the tropics are not among the number. Others pin their faith to artificial foods concocted by physicist and chemist. Haldane predicts this; and he is a scientist worthy of consideration. Again I must plead agnosticism.

What seems to be a more probable course of events is a gradual increase in population made possible by intensive cultivation of better varieties of plants, by control of crop-parasites, by careful storage of the harvest, by proper marketing and better distribution, and all of the other expedients of agriculturists and economists. The efficiency part of this program is desirable, nothing more so. Agriculture has lagged behind the other industries in this respect, because farmers have been able to retain an independent individualism amid low prices through national growth giving them an unpremeditated profit on the value of their land. In the future, prices to the farmer must increase, in all justice, for he labors long hours in a hazardous business requiring great knowledge and skill; yet if the public welfare is to be promoted by making the comforts of life more easily obtainable, prices to the

ultimate consumer must diminish. The only way out of this dilemma is a marked increase in efficiency both in production and in distribution.

If this scheme could be carried out, and the population standardized at the peak of development when considering both agriculture and the mechanical industries, all would be well. One is hardly justified in anticipating any such foresight, however. The population is much more likely to go up and up. And then, after that, will come the gradual depletion of the soil, and the drop to the valley of this cycle will begin. In fact Hopkins states that many of the best soils here in this youthful country were long past their prime when first turned by the white man's plow.

And it seems so hopeless, this Ixion's wheel on which man allows himself to remain when he has within his grasp the power to cut the knots which bind him. Why this eternal round of raising more wheat to feed more people to raise more wheat? Is there to be no art of living, or only groveling for food? Are there to be no open spaces, or leisure to contemplate their beauties? Is life to be short, and the struggle hard, and every man's hand against his neighbors?

The situation is not ridiculous; it is absurd, which is worse. There is another policy more in keeping with the dictates of reason. If mankind would only accept this policy, the policy of producing future generations by intent rather than by hazard, a fair chance and a longer and happier life might be assured for every individual. We in the United States have a freer and fuller opportunity than any other nation to choose our course in this regard. Our country is young. It is rich. It may grow to twice its present numbers before the economic pressure becomes disastrous. These days of grace are valuable, immeasurably valuable. And I have a buoyant hope, amounting really to ardent confidence, that they will serve their purpose, that before the zero hour strikes, the leaven of education will have so permeated the masses as to lead them to accept without question the wisdom of keeping the population standardized at a figure far below the level which submerges joy and comfort. If they do, they will be able to feel the pride of having put up an *intelligent* struggle, and far in the dim distance their descendants can depart smiling when they must.

THE DISRUPTION OF PROTESTANTISM

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

WITHIN the existing organization of the various Protestant sects, two religions coëxist: Fundamentalism and Modernism or Liberalism. Between these there is a far greater chasm of difference than exists between the various sects, greater even than the difference between some forms of Protestantism and Catholicism. Sooner or later, the writer of this article believes, this duality must rend Protestantism, and result in the rise of two new denominations: the religion of *Jesus and the religion* about *Jesus.*

TWO religions, — so different that, if the one is true, the other must be false, — exist side by side within the confines of Protestantism. A Fundamentalist spokesman recognizes the difference clearly, and asks in a series of carefully worded test-questions: "Did God become incarnate in Jesus Christ through the Virgin Mary? Is this a fact of history? Did He offer a sacrifice for sin on Calvary as the sinner's righteous Substitute? Is this a fact of history? Did He rise from the dead a real Man in a real body? Is this a fact of history? Did He ascend into heaven as the God-Man to the right hand of God Almighty? Is this a fact of history?"

To such questions any thorough-going Liberal will answer without hesitation, "No, these are not facts of history; they are ancient oriental legends, all of them romantic and very interesting, but plainly as unhistorical as the poetic first chapter of Genesis or the myths that abound in pagan classics." For, whereas the Fundamentalist bases his faith upon an infallible Book, interprets it literally, and credits the miraculous, the thorough-going Liberal denies infallibility, interprets the Bible as he interprets other great literature, accepts its lofty religious teaching, fearlessly discards whatever affronts his reason or his conscience, and rejects the miraculous.

Had these two religions developed independently, no one would for a moment think of combining them. Yet there are excellent, able men who, despite the radical difference between the Fundamentalist belief and the Liberal, and despite the bitter conflict now raging, seek to persuade themselves that the two religions will not separate. Protestantism, they contend, will inevitably remain intact,— as if the history of Protestantism were not largely a record of "splits", and as if each of our two hundred and two

Protestant denominations were not the product of a split. What has happened more than two hundred times can happen again.

Each of the two hundred and two demoninations looks back proudly to the split that produced it. Monuments are erected to the originator of the split. Churches bear his name. It was a praiseworthy, heroic, divinely ordered split, we are told. But, for good and perfectly understandable reasons, it is in no such spirit that these same people look forward to a split. There is a deep hesitancy, a dread, and mediators arise, — among Presbyterians a Professor Erdman, among Baptists a President Faunce, — whenever a split is threatened, even though it may be in reality advantageous to all concerned.

The one now impending promises much. To be sure, it will be painful, — something like a divorce, something like a surgical operation without anaesthetics, and something like a civil war, — but when it is over we shall have three great, splendid, unified churches in America, — the Papal Fundamentalist, the Non-Papal Fundamentalist, and the Liberal.

The result will not consciously be striven for at first any more than a unified America was consciously striven for when the thirteen colonies rebelled against tyranny. Indeed, it may at first appear that the aim is to give us ultimately four hundred and four denominations instead of two hundred and two, with meanwhile a lamentable drift toward chaos. For schism will not only split local churches, it will as mercilessly split the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, the home mission boards, the foreign mission boards, the mission fields, the Sunday school boards, the American Federation of Churches, the sectarian press, the sectarian charitable organizations, the theological seminaries, and numerous sectarian academies, colleges, and universities.

Then, too, there will be litigation. Property is at stake, — land, buildings, and enormous trust funds. Who shall have them, — the Fundamentalists or the Liberals? Much of this property has been bequeathed to the churches on the solemn pledge that it be utilized in the propagation of the orthodox faith, — that is to say, the faith now known as Fundamentalism. But suppose that the personnel of an institution thus endowed is no longer Fundamen-

talist, wholly, but in the main Liberal, with entire conviction on each side, what then? Or what if, in this local church or that, the congregation is divided, neither party having a pronounced majority? Whose shall that church be? In such instances only the civil courts can decide. Whichever faction loses its case will consider itself defrauded. Then, naturally, will come appeals to higher courts, and to courts still higher, until, after a fight lasting for years, the thing is settled.

But out of precisely this regrettable division and chaos will emerge, inevitably, a new spirit, — the spirit, that is, of unification. Each of the four hundred and four denominations, if perchance that many should result, will be weak numerically, weak financially, and retaining only a limited prestige. Conscious of its reduced circumstances, each will court allies. Ancient sectarian differences, mainly trivial and concerned with the minutiæ of worship and church government, will be overlooked; for the principles involved in this modern struggle are basic principles, vastly more important than those which long ago produced sectarianism. Moreover, the very intensity of the struggle will have a fusing influence, quickening the already far from listless impulse toward mergers. We have seen Presbyterians and Congregationalists planning union. We have seen Northern and Southern Methodists preparing to heal a rupture several decades old. We have seen the Interchurch World Movement of North America inveighing, temporarily, but with a fine impressiveness that is not forgotten, against the disadvantages of denominational rivalry. In the fulness of time, partly from emotion, and partly from the organizing sense that pervades modern society, the Fundamentalists of virtually all denominations will come together, and the Liberals of virtually all denominations will do the same. Church Union, the cherished dream of Henry Ward Beecher, will be to that extent achieved.

The Fundamentalists will be the first to combine. Already the Fundamentalist Movement is interdenominational and strongly organized. Furthermore, it is affirmative, definite, and passionately devoted to what it believes to be the sacred cause of defending the historic faith against attack by "infidels, atheists, and agnostics". Still again, Fundamentalists find an incentive toward union in their delight in numbers, and their numbers, the country

over, are so enormous that here and there an onlooker exclaims, anxiously, "When these millions unite in a single vast organization, where will go our liberties?"

For the Fundamentalists made Prohibition and, despite the calamities which it has brought upon America along with the undeniable benefits, they still defend it as the final, perfect thing beyond which there can be no advance. In their defense of Prohibition only one or two State Legislatures have dared to oppose them. Congress has never dared. Neither of the two great political parties has dared, for, while the Fundamentalists are far from commanding "an overwhelming majority of the American people", they hold, or are supposed by politicians to hold, the balance of power. And they are not only Prohibitionists, they are extreme Pacifists, who have forced Protestantism to announce openly its resolve never again to defend America in time of war.

They are anti-evolutionists and opposed to the modern scientific study of the Bible. They would suppress the modern spirit in education; by the same logic they should demand the removal from public libraries of works by Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and Spencer, and by all non-Fundamentalist writers from H. G. Wells to Harry Emerson Fosdick; they should secure laws enabling them to prosecute the publishers of such books.

Even this is not all, or nearly all. They believe in the state censorship of art and of the drama. There are those among them who would gladly close every art school that maintains a life class, every picture shop whose wares fail to meet the tests prescribed by a thorough-going Puritanism, every museum where classic sculptures are placed on view, every theatre that can in any respect offend the sensibilities of our present-day Comstocks. Also, there are those among them who would forbid recreation on Sunday, even in cities peopled mainly by Jews, Catholics, and unbelievers. Furthermore, as is evident from the activities of their radically un-American institution, the Ku Klux Klan, they would endeavor to abolish religious tolerance.

Thus far, except in the matter of Prohibition, they have been comparatively ineffectual, but it was not because they lacked numbers, it was because they were divided. Unite the Fundamentalists of all denominations and they will be exceedingly powerful, — at least at first.

Pray note the qualification. For, while at present they are many times as numerous as the Liberals, it does not follow that they will inevitably remain so. Whereas Liberals never become Fundamentalists, more and more Fundamentalists will become Liberals. This cannot be prevented. Fundamentalists may send their sons and daughters to ultra-orthodox colleges, if such can be found, and shield them against the influence of modern scientific and Biblical instruction, but they will be unable to provide them with ultra-orthodox newspapers, and the case of Fundamentalism *versus* Liberalism is being tried in the public prints. All the arguments pro and con are there, with the emphasis seldom favoring orthodoxy.

However, not all the deserters from the Fundamentalist ranks will become Liberals. Many will lose their way altogether. Of those, some will be estranged by the spectacle of tumult, foolish in the main, and to a large extent shameful. Others, told by their clergy that between Fundamentalism and agnosticism there can be no middle ground, will become agnostics; for Fundamentalism repels them. It is doubtful if Robert Ingersoll at his worst made more skeptics among the immature than Mr. Bryan made, or cast more young lives adrift, morally as well as spiritually. Meanwhile, certain Fundamentalists, profoundly religious but dismayed by the clash between two incompatible systems, one dating only from the Sixteenth Century, the other modern, will become Catholics.

These last are not a numerous class at present. The Fundamentalists who have joined the Ku Klux Klan would as eagerly join a revived American Protective Association, and Fundamentalists in general have been brought up to cherish a deep abhorrence of "Romanism". Yet there is something essentially Catholic about the Fundamentalists' demand for reliance upon authority; and in temperament every good Fundamentalist is a good Catholic. By and by the Catholic Church will recognize this. We may then witness the growth of a new Catholic brotherhood. Their mission will not be unlike that of the Dominicans, who, during the Reformation, visited heretics in their homes, patiently reasoned with them, and persuaded whom they could. Such emissaries would say to Fundamentalists, "You will never find authority in Protestantism, you will find it only in the infallible Church of Rome. You

will never find enduring peace in Protestantism, you will find it only within Catholicism. Ours is the church where you have always belonged." To-day, response would be meagre; but once let a few hundred Fundamentalists pass over into the Catholic Church, and thousands will follow them.

But the Fundamentalists will not only lose numbers as the conflict with modernity progresses, they will lose prestige. To-day, in their demands upon Congress and upon State Legislatures, they assume to speak for "the churches". They declare that "the churches" must control public education, that "the churches" feel privileged to admonish the War Department regarding such matters as National Defense Day, or that "the churches" will tolerate no modification of the Volstead Act. Great is the impression this makes, especially now that women can vote. Immense power, latent if not as yet active, belongs to "the churches". But when Fundamentalists and Liberals part company, the Fundamentalists will no longer speak for "the churches", they will speak only for themselves. Though many of them are people of position and influence, conspicuous within their ranks will be Premillenarians, who await the "literal, visible, bodily, imminent return of Jesus Christ to this earth as King"; the immense constituency of the Moody Bible Institute (entrance requirement, "a common-school education or its equivalent"); the converts of Reverend W. A. (Billy) Sunday; the Chautauqua-goers; three million anti-Darwinian Mountaineers; and ten million Negroes. Among their clergy the uneducated or noticeably under-educated will be in a majority. Though no one denies that Fundamentalists, of whatever grade, have a right to their full share in the guidance of public politics, it will hardly seem that they are the people whose wisdom should alone prevail.

As regards prestige, a preponderance of advantage will be on the side of the Liberals. They represent the great universities. They represent the most important theological schools. Their writings appear in distinguished publications. To a large extent, they represent the wealth of the various sects, and if the separation of Fundamentalists and Liberals is for a long time deferred, this will be the principal reason.

Furthermore, the Liberals have the prestige that accrues from gentle manners and forbearing kindliness. They are not belliger-

ent. They have not sought to "split the church". They have not resorted to mud-slinging, or to a free use of "campaign lies", or to underhanded tactics in conventions.

In course of time, they will have, in addition, the prestige that accrues from dignified martyrdom. We shall see hundreds of Liberal clergymen forced to abandon the ministry because they have dared to defend their principles. For the Liberal movement is not mainly a lay movement, it is mainly a clerical movement. Though it may claim perhaps a third of the clergy, it cannot by any sane estimate claim much more than a tenth of the laity.

It is possible that before very many years the Liberals will attempt a merger with Unitarians, Universalists, Reformed Jews, Hicksite Quakers, and extreme Broad Church Episcopalians, with all of whom they have much in common and with whom they will eventually unite. But even then their numbers will be greatly inferior to those of the Fundamentalists, and among Liberals there is still a great aversion to alliance with any group that has openly avowed the belief toward which Liberalism manifestly is tending.

That Liberalism tends in that direction, precisely, the Fundamentalists have been quick to recognize, but Liberals almost without exception deny it, even after making public declarations which, by their own logic, can lead to no other conclusion. For example, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick has declared publicly that Liberalism is "at heart an attempt to recover the religion *of* Jesus as against the vast, intricate, largely inadequate, and often positively false religion *about* Jesus."

Being learned in modern science, — sufficiently, at least, to have caught its spirit, — and being well versed in the methods of modern Biblical study, the Liberals, in their search for the religion *of* Jesus, find it, not in the Epistles, which they regard as belonging to the religion *about* Jesus, and not in the Fourth Gospel, which they regard as permeated with a theology of which Jesus Himself knew nothing, but find it solely in Matthew, Mark, and Luke, — narratives from which all traces of the miraculous must first be expunged.

We are free to ask, then, what evidence a thorough-going Liberal can find, after such treatment of the Synoptics, that the religion *of* Jesus makes Him a Deity, or that it gives Him a place in the Trinity, or that it figures Him as other than the incomparable

religious genius who declared the fatherhood of God, the perfectability of man, the life beyond death, and ideals of morality which, though intended merely for the reconstruction of individual character, have within them the power to reconstruct society? Vastly more than this can be found in the Synoptics, to be sure, but not when miracle has been everywhere denied and the documents examined as modern students examine other ancient documents.

There is talk of a New Reformation, "drastic, far-reaching, and more thorough-going than that of the Sixteenth Century;" it is said that without it religion cannot survive. But hardly a Liberal anywhere has as yet brought definitely before his mind what the New Reformation requires of Liberalism. Certain by no means ignoble inhibitions prevent his facing the situation squarely. As a rule, the Liberal Clergyman addresses a congregation containing both Liberals and Fundamentalists. He dreads to dismay the aged, who can no longer accept new beliefs and to whom the ancient creed is infinitely consoling. He dreads to alarm the immature, who, if once they begin to doubt, may discard their faith completely. He dreads to precipitate a quarrel in his church. He especially dreads to precipitate a quarrel in his denomination. So he contents himself with "re-statements", with a subtle evasion of difficulties, and with endeavors to find "fresh meanings" in orthodox dogmas. On no account must he allow his Liberalism to have its way unrestrained.

However, all such inhibitions will be withdrawn when, either by compulsion or of their own choice, the Liberals have parted company with the Fundamentalists. The Liberal preacher will then be addressing Liberals only. Able to speak freely, he will be able to think freely. "Re-statements", subtle evasions of difficulties, and endeavors to find "fresh meanings" in orthodox dogmas will distress him. He will no longer be afraid of what the New Reformation requires of Liberalism. In due course he will come to favor a coalition of Liberals, Unitarians, Universalists, Reformed Jews, Hicksite Quakers, and extreme Broad Church Episcopalians, — relatively small groups, all of them, but, when combined with his own, sufficient to form a great, splendid, unified Liberal Church.

After the peace, Catholics can make friends with Liberals, — in fact, will see an advantage in so doing. If allied, the two groups can

check the Fundamentalists' efforts to force Fundamentalist ideals of morality upon America. After the peace, Fundamentalists, too, can make friends with Liberals. Even now, the Fundamentalists are not attacking the Unitarians, or the Universalists, or the Hicksite Quakers, or the Reformed Jews; they consider them heretics, it is true, but they attack only the "heretics" who live side by side with Fundamentalists in the old denominations. When these "heretics" have departed, whether willingly or unwillingly, and when the bitterness of strife has died out, there will be no incentive to renew the conflict.

No more will the Liberals be inclined to wage war upon the Catholics or Fundamentalists. If Catholics accept the authority of the Church, Fundamentalists the authority of the Bible, and Liberals the authority of their own religious nature — what harm? Here are three distinct temperaments. By the same token there should be three distinct churches.

IS THERE LIFE ON OTHER PLANETS?

WILLIAM WEBER COBLENTZ

IT is fatuous to assume that our speck in space is the only habitable globe. Of the worlds beyond our universe we know very little. But with the help of a new instrument of amazing precision we are able to tell whether the other planets are hot enough or too hot to support life. Last month Dr. Free discussed "The Origin of Life". In the present paper, Dr. Coblentz discusses the probable range of life within our solar system, as disclosed by the new radiometric measurements of the surfaces of the planets.

LOOKING up at the dazzling stars on a cloudless night, have you ever asked yourself the question, "What if there were no celestial bodies, nothing but space; nothing; not even this earth?" Well, one thing is certain, we would not be here to know it. But the fact is that in this infinitude called space there are countless celestial objects: stars in all states of evolution and, hence, of luminosity, — red stars, yellow stars, and blue stars; also large expanses occupied by the nebulas, — both bright and dark. The non-luminous nebulas manifest themselves as irregularly-shaped dark markings in the bright nebula and among the countless stars. When first photographed these were thought to be rifts in the luminous nebulas and in the star clouds, but they are now considered to be large clouds of dark matter which obscure the luminous background, just as smoke issuing from a chimney obscures the sun.

These irregularly-shaped dark nebulas, millions of miles in length, are visible to us, not because they send out light, but because they are so large that they shut out the light emanating from the otherwise luminous background. But a single non-luminous object of a size such as this earth, and supporting life thereon, would escape the eye, or even the photographic plate, which is the most sensitive means yet devised for detecting luminous objects. The new thermal radiometer has not yet attained sufficient sensitivity to detect the invisible, low-temperature, infra-red rays which would emanate from such a non-luminous object.

Hence man, in his sublime conceit, is not justified in thinking that this earth is the only abode of life. In view of these dark clouds of matter in space, who will deny that other orbs, dark like our earth and moving about in interstellar space, may possess the proper temperature and atmospheric conditions to support life?

Consider the size of the universe as we now know it. The nearest fixed star is so distant that a flash of light, which travels 186,000 miles per second or 16 billion miles per day, requires 4.3 years to reach us. The light now reaching our eyes from Sirius, the dog star and the brightest star in the sky, started on its journey to us 8.7 years ago.

The light waves emitted by Arcturus that are now reaching us left that star in 1795, when Washington was struggling with the consolidation into this great republic of the thirteen independent states which seemed to think that they constituted the universe; and the light waves leaving that same star at this moment will not arrive on earth until 130 years later, or the year 2055. If these distances seem appalling, then think of some of the most distant stars, a single twinkle of which requires over 200,000 years to reach us.

In comparison with these interminable distances, it takes about 8 minutes for a flash of light to travel from the sun to this earth, and only 1.3 seconds for a wink from the man in the moon.

So much for magnitudes and distances. This means simply that man's puny mind is still not sufficiently advanced, that the evolution of his mental processes has not yet progressed far enough for him to comprehend it all. He certainly dares not assert that there are no abodes of life beyond the solar system.

Now let us discuss the possibilities of life on the planets belonging to our own solar family. Taken in their order from the centre outward, these are: Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. Since we shall have occasion to refer to thermal radiometric measurements of the invisible, infra-red, or so-called heat-rays emitted by some of the planets, it is important to digress for a moment to explain how these measurements of radiant heat are made.

The thermocouples used for measuring the heat from planets and stars are made of extremely thin, fine wires of bismuth and platinum. These wires are so fine that a magnifying glass must be used in joining them together. The two junctures of these wires are flattened into small disks which are only one-hundredth of an inch in diameter; smaller than the period which ends this sentence. These disks, which are called "receivers", are blackened in order to absorb the incoming rays from the planet. They take the

place of the cross-hairs in the eye-piece of a large reflecting telescope. When the image of a planet, — for example, that of the bright and the dark areas on Mars, — is focused upon one of these tiny receivers, the heat-rays emanating from these areas on the planet warm the little metal disk. A current of electricity is generated. The strength of this electric current is proportional to the heating of the disk by the rays received from the planet, and is measured by a delicate galvanometer.

First let us consider the planet Mercury, which is the one nearest to the sun. Mercury is cloudless, and because it is so close to the sun and because it has a low reflecting power its surface becomes very highly heated. The thermocouple measurements of the heat radiated indicate that the surface of Mercury becomes very hot. Calculations based on the radiometric measurements indicate a surface temperature of 570° to 660°, Fahrenheit. Hence, aside from the lack of sufficient atmosphere, Mercury is too burning hot to support life.

Next let us consider the planets farthest from the sun. The physical constitution of these bodies is still in doubt. The traditional view has been that the four outer planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, are very hot and that they are still in a completely gaseous state, with no solid core in the interior. Recently, arguments have been advanced that these planets are cold; that a large fraction of their volume is occupied by gas; that they are each composed of a rocky core surrounded by a thick layer of ice, this being covered, in turn, by a thick atmosphere consisting probably of hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, helium, and perhaps methane. The fact that these planets are cloudy is explained by the idea that the clouds consist of particles of some substance, for example carbon dioxide, which is gaseous in the earth's atmosphere, but becomes solid or liquid at lower temperatures.

No radiometric measurements have yet been made on Neptune. The radiometric measurements made on Uranus indicate that the temperature of the outer atmosphere is extremely low, perhaps down to 330° below zero, Fahrenheit. The great distance of Uranus from the sun precludes appreciable heating by solar radiation and, even though the interior is solid, there is no evidence that life could exist on this planet.

Radiometric measurements, as well as mathematical deductions,

indicate that Saturn is at a higher temperature than Jupiter. The radiometric measurements seem to indicate higher temperatures than would be possible if maintained by solar heating alone. For Saturn, especially, it is probable that this observed high temperature is maintained by internal heat. But with the conjecture that there is no solid crust, or, if there be a solid interior, that its upper surface is solid ice, there is no evidence that climatic conditions are such that living matter can exist on any of these four outer planets of our solar system, even on Saturn.

Having eliminated these planets, there remain for discussion the planets Venus, the Earth, and Mars. These have solid interiors and surrounding atmospheres. To those who believe in evolution they may be used as illustrations of three stages in the development of a habitable globe; namely, youth, maturity, and senescence.

From the radiometric standpoint Venus seems to have more secrets hidden from us than has Mars. The atmosphere of Venus is more dense than that of this earth. Its period of rotation is in dispute. Some observations made with a spectroscope indicate that the period of rotation on its axis is the same as its time of revolution around the sun, that is to say 225 days. This would mean that Venus always turns the same face towards the sun, as the moon does toward the earth. If this is so, then, since the solar radiation on Venus is almost twice (1.9 times) as great as on this earth, all the water would be evaporated on the front side of the planet and frozen into a solid mass on the dark side, which is constantly turned away from the sun. With all the water-vapor thus condensed on the dark side there would be nothing to account for the high "albedo" or reflecting power of the atmosphere of Venus.

On the other hand, during the recent radiometric measurements, which were made when Venus was in the form of a narrow crescent similar to the "new moon" or lunar first quarter, it was observed that a considerable amount of low-temperature heat-radiation was emitted from the dark part of the planet's surface. This infrared or so-called heat-radiation is similar to the heat-rays emanating from hot walls and sidewalks after sunset. It is what one would expect to observe if Venus rotates on its axis. This rotation may be slow, say one revolution in ten days. Moreover, a difference was observed in the temperature of the north and south cusps

of the planet's crescent, just as though the phenomenon might be seasonal. If in the course of time this temperature difference between the cusps is found to be reversed, then it will be possible to establish the position of the axis of rotation, which at present is unknown.

The radiometric measurements indicate an effective Venutian temperature of 120° to 140°, Fahrenheit, which is in good agreement with the value calculated from the intensity of the solar rays and the usual fourth-power law of total radiation.

This temperature of 120° to 140°, Fahrenheit, is rather high for life to exist as we know it on this earth, although life has been found to exist in hot springs. Vegetable life would be handicapped by the burning sun at noonday, unless covered by clouds. Animal life might dig in to escape the heat of midday. If the Venutian day is ten of ours in length, the amount of moisture evaporated would be very great. A heavy cloud canopy might exist directly under the sun. All in all, it seems quite plausible for tropical life to be present on Venus, the counterpart of the carboniferous period in the evolution of plant life on this earth. Certainly, in view of the recent radiometric measurements, it would be hazardous to deny the possibility of life on Venus.

Finally we have to consider the planet Mars, probably the most-talked-of celestial object in recent years; Mars, the planet with but little atmosphere and practically no water; the planet typical of senescence, whose inhabitants, when not occupied in precipitating water from the atmosphere as it travels from pole to pole, may be admiring the accomplishments of past civilizations as we, in a small way, are admiring the engineering works of the Phoenicians abandoned in the deserts of Africa.

As viewed through a powerful telescope the surface of Mars shows bright and dark areas resembling somewhat the markings on the Moon as viewed without a telescope. Superposed upon these somber markings are the polar caps, which shine forth as bright as the frosted bulb of an incandescent lamp. An experienced observer, under favorable weather conditions, sees much finer details: the straight dark lines called "canals", and so forth.

Some have held the view that these white polar caps are frozen carbon dioxide. But the atmospheric pressure on the solid surface of Mars is estimated to be only about two and one-half

inches of mercury, as compared with twenty-nine inches on this earth. At a temperature of about 155° below zero, Fahrenheit, the vapor pressure of solid carbon dioxide is about two and one-half inches. This means that, assuming the whole atmosphere of Mars to be composed of carbon dioxide, the temperature of the planet would have to be below 155° below zero, Fahrenheit, to permit the solid material to form. Since carbon dioxide is probably less than three per cent of the total atmosphere on Mars, the temperature would have to drop to about 250° below zero, Fahrenheit, in order to deposit the solid material. While our radiometric measurements on the polar caps indicate temperatures considerably below the freezing point of water, the measurements on the sunrise side of Mars do not indicate enough cooling by radiation to reduce the temperature sufficiently to freeze carbon dioxide. The more plausible theory of these white polar caps, which wax and wane with the seasons, is that they are composed of mists of water vapor, and of ice spicules floating in the atmosphere, and of solid ice, snow, and hoar frost on the surface of Mars.

The atmospheric circulation of water vapor on Mars is probably unique. On Mars water boils at about 115°, Fahrenheit, instead of the 212° at sea level on earth. Our radiometric measurements show that, while the temperature of the bright areas on Mars is but little above the freezing point of water, the temperature of the dark areas is up to 60°, Fahrenheit, or even higher. Hence, with surface temperatures half-way up to the boiling point of water, it appears that during the Martian daytime water is evaporating rapidly from the equator and at one pole and condensing at the other pole. The bright areas of the planet are no doubt high plateaus. Owing to the rare and cloudless atmosphere, which facilitates the cooling of the surface by radiation, water vapor would be condensed and frozen only to melt and drain into the lower levels. The topographic and meteorological conditions are probably sufficient to transfer the moisture to the dark areas without invoking elaborate mechanical engineering operations to produce irrigation.

Most readers have no doubt been told already how these dark areas on Mars change in color with changes in the season. In the Martian spring these dark areas are quite similar in appearance to the bright areas. As the spring advances these dark areas assume a darker appearance and look more bluish-green in color.

Later on, as the season advances to what corresponds to autumn on this earth, the dark markings on Mars take on a more brownish or copperish color. From these changes in color and the corresponding changes in configuration, these dark markings have been interpreted as being caused by the presence of vegetation.

During past ages, as the interior of Mars cooled, the water level was lowered. The dark areas appear to be sea bottoms, remaining after the water disappeared beneath the solid crust. As already stated, the noonday temperature of these dark areas ranges from 40° to 60°, Fahrenheit, while some of the darkest spots have a temperature of 68 degrees, or even higher. During the night in the equatorial region the temperature drops far below freezing, down to 160° below zero, Fahrenheit. The winter temperature is more than 200° below zero. It is evident that living matter on Mars is subjected to great extremes in temperature.

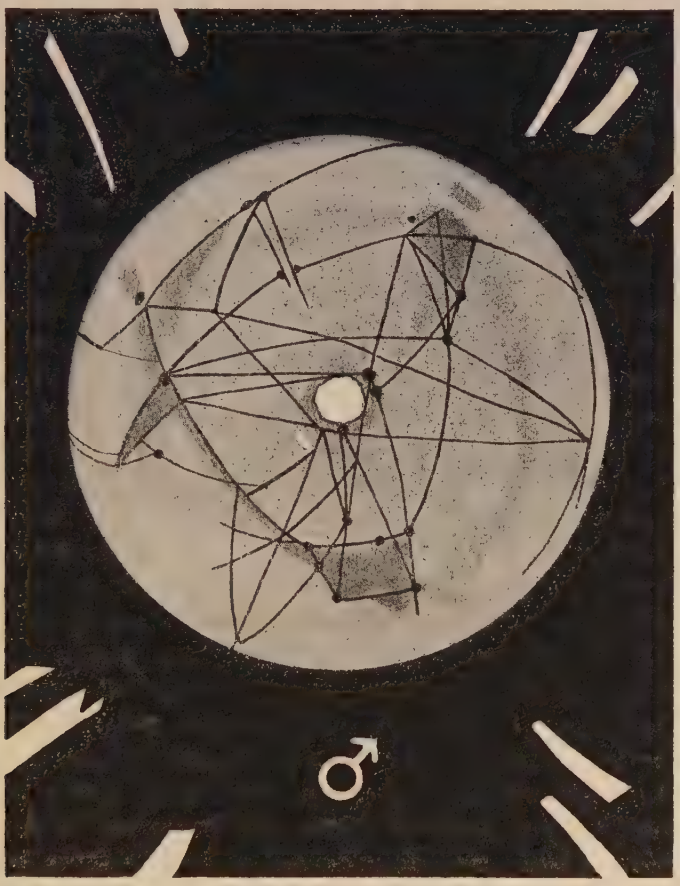
From my measurements of the temperature of growing plants it appears that the observed high temperatures on the dark areas of Mars can be explained best on the assumption of the presence of vegetation which grows in the form of tussocks, or thick tufts, such as the pampas grasses of our high prairies, or the mosses and lichens which grow on the dry tundras of Siberia. The upper surface of such vegetation has a high capacity for absorbing sunlight, while the more or less dry material beneath has a low heat conductivity.

From the very nature of the growth, namely in tufts, but little heat is conducted to the ground, which may be frozen. For example, travelers in Siberia have found that the temperature of the top layers of the tundra mosses may be up to 75°, Fahrenheit, while the ground only an inch or two underneath was frozen.

I think that the assumption of the presence of vegetation growing in tussocks is a reasonable explanation of the observed high temperatures on Mars, and it is in harmony with the visual observations which show changes in the dark areas with changes in the seasons. But the term high temperature is merely relative. With noonday temperatures of only 40° to 60°, Fahrenheit, even on the hottest spots on the equator, and with exceedingly low temperatures at night, it seems evident that any vegetable or animal life that may exist on Mars must be adapted to withstand great extremes in temperature and humidity. From the way in

which both animals and plants adapt themselves to conditions on our deserts, it seems possible for life to adapt itself to conditions on Mars.

Part of this adaptation would consist in being inactive over much longer periods than occur on this earth. Animal life would



The North Polar Cap of Mars

have to be trogdolytic, able to burrow deep and hibernate, or able to migrate, or able to withstand the intense cold in a benumbed state, — as do, for example, the torpid grasshoppers, wasps, and ants which one finds on warm days in winter. On February 25, 1925, with the sky overcast, I observed ants working above ground alongside of a path. I found the temperature of the ground

to be 47°, Fahrenheit, and the air temperature 47.4°. Under a cloudless sky insects might be active on ground at a still lower temperature.

Life on Mars cannot be very pleasant, especially in the equatorial region, where it would be a continuous process of thawing out and limbering up in the forenoon with a reversal of this process in the afternoon. In the Martian polar regions, where the summer day is almost six months long, temperature variations would not be so extreme. Living matter, if present, would not be subjected to such rapid periodic changes in activity as occur on the equator. The cycle of reproduction and development of the living cell would not be subjected to such extreme conditions of temperature. Similarly, the quiescent period during the prolonged cold winter would be free from interruptions.

In view of the scarcity of water on Mars the presence of tussock vegetation, such as has been described, would be likely to induce conflagrations, which would produce smoke, thus accounting for the peculiar haziness sometimes observed on the planet.

It is evident that the question of life on bodies in interstellar space must remain a matter of conjecture; no one can deny it, no one can affirm it. As regards our own planetary system, only Venus, the earth, and Mars appear to possess meteorologic and climatic conditions favorable to life. On Venus life would probably consist of simple creatures having only a few living cells. This is because of the high temperature and youthful physical condition of the planet. On the other hand, life on Mars is that of senescence. Old age has come on, with the gradual and inevitable desiccation of the planet's surface as the water disappears into its interior. Our earth stands unique in point of comfortable habitability. But the remains of the ruins of former civilizations in the African desert point to what may be expected on a large scale, ultimately and surely, as the atmosphere and the crust of the earth cool, thus permitting the water either to freeze on its surface or to disappear below the surface, where the oceans of Mars have already gone.

THE TRAVELER'S-EYE VIEW

ALDOUS HUXLEY

TO sit and watch the show of Life in café, on train, or steamer, or to glimpse it through an uncurtained window is a delectable pastime provided one has the imagination to create the drama of Life out of scraps of dialogue and half glimpsed scenes. Some authors view their characters with this traveler's-eye, others possessing the god's-eye view tell of what they know, not from watching the show, but from acting in it, from having lived with their characters. Mr. Hurley gives examples of these two methods in his essay.

I COULD give many excellent reasons for my dislike of large dinner parties, *soirées*, crushes, routs, *conversazioni*, and balls.

Life is not long enough, and they waste precious time; the game is not worth the candle. Casual social intercourse is like dram-drinking, a mere stimulant that whips the nerves but does not nourish. And so on. These quite true. And they have certainly are respectable contentions and all had weight with me. But the final argument against large assemblages and in favor of solitude and the small intimate gathering has been, in my case, of a more personal character. It has appealed, not to my reason, but my vanity. The fact is that I do not shine in large assemblies; indeed, I scarcely glimmer. And to be dim and conscious of one's dimness is humiliating.

This incapacity to be bright in company is due entirely to my excessive curiosity. I cannot listen to what my interlocutor is saying or think of anything to say in answer to him, because I cannot help listening to the conversations being carried on by everybody else within earshot. My interlocutor, for example, is saying something very intelligent about Henry James and is obviously expecting me, when he has done, to make some smart or subtle comment. But the two women on my left are telling scandalous stories about a person I know. The man with the loud voice at the other side of the room is discussing the merits of different motor cars. The science student by the fireplace is talking about the quantum theory. The distinguished Irish lawyer is telling anecdotes in his inimitable professional manner. Behind me a youth and maiden are exchanging views on love, while from the group in the far corner I hear an occasional phrase which tells me that they are talking politics. An invincible curiosity possesses me, I long to hear exactly what each is saying. Scandal, motors,

quanta, Irish bulls, love, and politics seem to me incomparably more interesting than Henry James; and each of these is at the same time more interesting than all the others. Inquisitiveness flutters hopelessly this way and that, like a bird in a glass house. And the net result is that, not hearing what he says and being too much distracted to answer coherently, I make myself appear an idiot to my interlocutor, while the very number of my illicit curiosities renders it impossible for me to satisfy any single one of them.

But this excessive and promiscuous inquisitiveness, so fatal to a man who desires to mix in society, is a valuable asset to the one who merely looks on, without participating in the actions of his fellows.

For the traveler who is compelled, whether he likes to or not, to pose as the detached onlooker, inquisitiveness is nothing less than a necessity. Ennui, says Baudelaire, is "*fruit de la morne incuriosité.*" The tourist who has no curiosity is doomed to boredom.

There are few pleasanter diversions than to sit in cafés or restaurants or the third class carriages of railway trains, looking at one's neighbors and listening (without attempting to enter into conversation) to such scraps of their talk as are wafted across the intervening space. From their appearance, from what they say, one reconstructs in the imagination the whole character, the complete life history. Given the single fossil bone, one fancifully builds up the whole diplodocus. It is an excellent game. But it must be played discreetly. Too open a curiosity is apt to be resented. One must look and listen without appearing to be aware of anything. If the game is played by two people, comments should always be made in some language other than that of the country in which the game is played. But perhaps the most important rule of the game is that which forbids one, except in the most extraordinary cases, to make any effort to get to know the objects of one's curiosity.

For, alas, the objects of one's curiosity prove, once one has made their acquaintance, to be almost invariably quite unworthy of any further interest. It is possible at a distance to feel the most lively curiosity about a season ticket holder from Surbiton. His bald head is so shiny; he has such a funny waxed moustache; he gets so red in the face when he talks to his friends about the

socialists; he laughs with such loud unpleasant gusto when one of them tells a dirty story; he sweats so profusely when it is hot; he holds forth so knowledgeably about roses; and his sister lives at Birmingham; his son has just won a prize for mathematics at school. At long range all this is fascinating; it stimulates the imagination. One loves the little man; he is wonderful, charming, a real slice of life. But make his acquaintance. . . . From that day forth you take pains to travel in another compartment.

How delightful, how queer, and fantastic people are, — at a distance! When I think of the number of fascinating men and women I have never known (only seen and momentarily listened to) I am astonished. I can remember hundreds of them. My favorites, I am inclined to think, were those male and female post-office clerks who lived *en pension* at the little hotel at Amberieu where once I stayed for a week or so, finishing a book. They were fascinating. There was the oldish man, who always came in late for dinner, wearing a cap, — a grim, taciturn fellow he was; there was the very young boy, not at all grim, but silent out of pure shyness; there was the very bright, lively meridional fellow, who made jokes all the time and flirtatiously teased the young ladies; and the three young ladies, one ugly but tolerably lively, one rather pretty but limp and chlorotic, and the third so full of attractive vitality that she compelled one to think her pretty, — such rolling black eyes, such a smile, such a voice, so witty! The shy young man gazed like a calf, blushed when she looked at him, smiled oxishly when she talked, and forgot to eat his dinner. Her presence thawed the grim and grizzled man and roused the meridional to yet higher flights. And her superiority was so enormous that the ugly girl and the chlorotic girl were not in the least jealous, but worshiped her. It is absurd to be jealous of the gods.

How I adored that party! With what passionate interest I overlooked them from my table in the little dining-room! How attentively I eaves-dropped! I learned where they had spent their holidays, which of them had been to Paris, where their relations lived, what they thought of the post-master of Amberieu, and a host of other things, all wonderfully interesting and exciting. But not for the world would I have made their acquaintance. The landlady offered to introduce me; but I declined the honor. I am afraid she thought me a snob; she was proud of her *pensionnaires*.

It was impossible for me to explain that my reluctance to know them was due to the fact that I loved them even more than she did. To know them would have spoilt everything. From wonderful and mysterious beings, they would have degenerated into six rather dull and pathetic little *employés*, condemned to pass their lives drearily in a small provincial town.

And then there were the millionaires at Padua. How much we enjoyed those! It was the waiter who told us they were plutocrats. In the restaurant of the Hotel Storione at Padua there is one special table, it appears, reserved for millionaires. Four or five of them lunched there every Monday while we were in the hotel. Superb figures they were and wonderfully in character, like millionaires in an Italian film. In an American film, of course, the type is very different. A Hollywood millionaire is a strong, silent man, clean shaven, with a face either like a hatchet or an uncooked muffin. These, on the contrary, had tremendous beards, talked a great deal, were over-dressed, and wore white gloves. They looked like a little party of Bluebeards.

Another of my remembered favorites is the siren we saw at the *Ristorante Centrale* at Genoa. She sat at a neighboring table with four men, all desperately in love with her, talking, one could see by the way they listened and laughed, like all the heroines of Congreve rolled into one. One of the men was a Turk and had to have recourse periodically to the interpreter, without whose aid the majority of diners in that polyglot restaurant would be unable to order their macaroni. One, — he was old and paid for the dinner, — must have been her husband or her lover. Poor fellow, he looked rather glum sometimes, when she addressed herself too fascinatingly to the Turk, who was her principal victim, or to one of the other men. But then she gave him a smile, she lifted her pale blue-gray eyes at him, and he was happy again. No, not happy exactly; happy is the wrong word. Drunk, — that would be more like it, I imagine. Deliriously joyful on the surface; and within, bottomlessly miserable. So we speculated, romantically, at long range. What we should have discovered on a nearer acquaintance I do not know. I do not want to know.

The most uninteresting human being seen at a little distance by a spectator with a lively fancy and a determination to make the most of life takes on a mysterious charm, becomes odd and ex-

citing. One can work up a thrilling emotion about distant and unknown people, — an emotion which it is impossible to recapture, after personal acquaintance, but which yields place to understanding and consequent affection or antipathy.

Certain authors have exploited, either deliberately or because they could not do otherwise, their spectator's emotion in the presence of unknown actors. There is Joseph Conrad, for example. The mysterious thrilling charm of his characters, particularly his female characters, is due to the fact that he knows nothing at all about them. He sits at a distance, he watches them acting, and then wonders and wonders, through pages of Marlow's winding narratives, why on earth they acted as they did, what were their motives, what they felt and thought. The god's-eye view of those novelists who really know, or pretend they know, exactly what is going on in the minds of their characters, is exchanged for the traveler's-eye view, the view of the stranger who starts with no knowledge whatever of the actors' personalities and can only infer from their gestures what is happening in their minds. Conrad, it must be admitted, manages to infer very little; he lacks the paleontologist's imagination, has little power of reconstructing thought from seen behavior. At the end of a novel, his heroines are as shadowy as they were at the beginning. They have acted, and Conrad has lengthily wondered, — without discovering, — why they have acted in this particular way. His bewilderment is infectious; the reader is just as hopelessly puzzled as the author and, incidentally, finds the characters just as wonderfully mysterious.

Mystery is delightful and exciting; but it is foolish to admire it too highly. A thing is mysterious merely because it is unknown. There will always be mysteries because there will always be unknown and unknowable things. But it is best to know what is knowable. There is no credit about not knowing what can be known. Some literary men, for example, positively pride themselves on their ignorance of science; they are fools and arrogant at that. If Conrad's characters are mysterious, it is not because they are complicated, difficult, or subtle characters, but simply because he does not understand them; not knowing what they are like, he speculates unsuccessfully and finally admits that he finds them inscrutable. The honesty with which he confesses his ignorance is meritorious, not the ignorance. The characters of the great novel-

ists, like Dostoievsky and Tolstoy, are not mysterious; they are perfectly well understood and clearly displayed. Such writers live with their creations. Conrad only looks on from a distance, without understanding them, without even making up plausible hypotheses about them out of his imagination.

He differs in this respect from Miss Katherine Mansfield, another writer who takes the traveler's-eye view of human beings. For Miss Mansfield has a lively fancy. Like Conrad, she sees her characters from a distance, as though at another table in a café; she overhears snatches of their conversations, — about their aunts in Battersea, their stamp collections, their souls, — and she finds them extraordinary, charming beyond all real and knowable people, odd, immensely exciting. She finds that they are Life itself, — lovely, fantastic Life. Very rarely does she go beyond this long-range café acquaintanceship with her personages, rarely makes herself at home in their flat everyday lives. But where Conrad bewilderedly speculates, Miss Mansfield uses her imagination. She invents suitable lives for the fabulous creatures glimpsed at the café. And how thrilling those fancied lives always are! Thrilling, but just for that reason not very convincing. Miss Mansfield's studies of interiors are like those brilliant paleontological reconstructions one sees in books of popular science, — the ichthyosaurus in its native waters, pterodactyls fluttering and swooping in the tepid tertiary sky, — too excitingly romantic, in spite of their air of realism, to be quite genuine. Her characters are seen with an extraordinary brilliance and precision, as one sees a party of people in a lighted drawing-room at night, through an uncurtained window, — one of those mysteriously significant Parties in Parlors of which we read in *Peter Bell:*

> *Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,*
> *And all as silent as could be,*
> *All silent, and all damned.*

One sees them for a moment, haloed with significance. They seem fabulous (though, of course, in point of actual fact and to those sitting in the room with them, they are nothing of the kind). Then one passes. They disappear. Each of Miss Mansfield's stories is a window into a lighted room. The glimpse of the inhabitants sipping their tea and punch is enormously exciting. But one knows

nothing, when one has passed, of what they are really like. That is why, however thrilling at a first reading, her stories do not wear. Chekov's do; but then he had lived with his people as well as looked at them through the window.

The traveler's-eye view of men and women is not satisfying. A man might spend his life in trains and restaurants and know nothing of humanity at the end. To know, one must be an actor as well as a spectator. One must dine at home as well as in restaurants, must give up the amusing game of peeping in at unknown windows, to live quietly, flatly, unexcitingly indoors. Still, the game, if it is kept as an occasional diversion and not treated as the serious business of life, is a very good one. And on a journey it is your only traveling picquet.

MAKING MEDIOCRITY KING

ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

THE author of "Our Democracy of Bad Manners", in the April FORUM, *probes deeper into the problem of our decadent standards of taste in manners and art. She finds popular education responsible for the enthronement of mediocrity and its consort vulgarity. Popular education has failed to educate. It has merely given the masses the literacy to make their mediocrity and vulgarity articulate. The cultural standards of the minority have been swamped in the tidal wave of the majority's bad taste.*

I AM assured by those who ought to know, the subject being their special concern, that education has made amazing strides since I was young. No one will admit more readily than I the room there was for improvement in the case of women. I am still conscious after long years that if in my convent I learned anything, it was not how to use my learning, — how to study, — which I believe is the chief end of education.

The fault did not lie in the fact that my school was a convent. I flatter myself I came out of it a trifle less ill-trained than many a graduate from the most select of secular Seminaries for Young Ladies. But in those remote days, only a small minority of women had begun their climb to the educational peaks, at last so splendidly conquered. Most of us lingered in the lowlands of the three R's, a few accomplishments thrown in if our inclination and our parents' purse ran so far, with a foundation of religion which in the convent was not only the main but the most ornate and conspicuous part of the whole educational structure, though hardly less ornate and indispensable was the cultivation of our manners, the standard inherited from France and often as beyond our reach as the higher mathematics. Thus equipped, we were sent forth to face the struggle for life, if, indeed, the convent girl did not shirk it altogether, put on cap and veil, and remain in the convent, to hand on her want of learning to the new and rising generation.

How remote is this era of darkness will be realized when I say that my life of study was already two or three years behind me when Harvard first recognized the educational needs of women and started a benevolent scheme by which they could study without intruding in person upon its holy precincts. Bryn Mawr did not exist, was not founded until still later, after I was married and undertaking work which fairly shrieked for the training that

had never been mine. To be sure, Vassar and Wellesley and, I believe, one or two other women's colleges had prepared the way for Bryn Mawr and the higher education of women generally; but they were immensely beyond my Philadelphia horizon, and, anyway, to most women then the honest definition of a college girl would have been a freak. But it is superfluous for me to emphasize women's educational drawbacks in the Dark Ages through which I groped, the leading authorities on to-day's educational advantages gloat over the contrast and allow no one to forget it.

However, because my educational opportunities were so limited, I am probably more awed by the change than most men, though for them, too, the chances have increased a hundredfold: universities and colleges multiplied and multiplying beyond belief, scarcely a town of importance or "vision" without one; the number of preparatory schools increasing in larger measure, and the things taught in them designed to equip the student for every occupation and emergency from the cradle to the grave; lecturers in a vast multitude let loose in the land, and ardent audiences in hundreds and thousands overcrowding the lecture halls; millionaires endowing everything educational with their spare millions; correspondence academies helping those who must study at home; instructors appointed for those who cannot stop studying as they travel; active propaganda leaving the passively ignorant no excuse whatever for their ignorance; — a very fever of instruction, education, cultivation, raging from one end of our ideal-laden land to the other, until Education has been defined as the religion of the Americans, learning declared the right of man — and woman — and the Millennium of Universal Culture promised at a no later date than to-morrow.

Already, its prophets say, popular education has worked miracles. Optimists among our learned professors are convinced that more people are reading more of all kinds of literature than ever before. The Library of Congress and other large Public Libraries can hardly cope with the industry of the printing press, their shelves filled to the breaking point, their storerooms without an inch to spare, their librarians and cataloguers breathless in the endeavor to keep pace with printers and publishers. Book-stalls and book-shops groan under the terrific output of reading matter. Daily papers expand to alarming proportions.

Nor is art left behind by literature. Government patronizes art. States "stress" art. Municipalities philander with art. Schools of art multiply. No self-respecting college or university would omit art from its curriculum. To exhibitions of art, lectures on art, talks about art, there is no end. Not a community, large or small, escapes a Museum of Art or at least the threat of one. Docents, curators, professors of art, spring up like weeds by the wayside. The drama and music keep their place well in the educational procession, if they do not lead it, as no one can doubt who has shared in the scramble for seats at the theatre, the opera house, the concert hall. Politics offer no such short cut to fame and fortune as the films. Royalty draws no such crowd as the leading lady or the villain. The popular preacher is overshadowed by the favorite fiddler of the hour. Little Theatres, Greenwich Theatres, Provincetown Players, Theatrical Guilds start movements to improve, to elevate, to supply the means for self-expression, to awaken spiritual life, to I hardly know what, so many are the fine moral uses to which the stage would be put by the cultured. Movies are at every corner, the radio fills in the rare dramaless, musicless gaps in the day, and the chief marvel is that the taste for the theatre, the opera, and the concert leaves anybody an occasional moment to make the money necessary to gratify it.

To me, brought up when culture was less strenuous, this ardent pursuit of it may be awe-inspiring. But, as they used to say in homelier days, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. The vital question is, what has this fever of enthusiasm done for us, what has it given us, what refreshing fruits, — to borrow Lloyd George's rhetorical phrase, — has it showered upon us? A fury of accomplishment from such a fury of cultivation would surprise nobody. It is surprising, though, to find, as I have found after serious study of the new conditions, how unexpected is the quality of the accomplishment, the flavor of the refreshing fruits. When education was the privilege of the few it was appreciated by the few, cherished as the source of all that is best and most beautiful in life. Education was not imposed upon any one by law; often enough, students had to struggle to obtain it. Their ambition was to be educated because education alone could give them the good and the beauty they craved, or else, perhaps, because education happened to be the exclusively aristocratic fashion of the day.

Having made education, with the gifts it brought, their monopoly, the few were jealous of its fair fame. They wanted only the perfect and, though perfection was not always achieved, no other standard was recognized, — from the time when the youths of Athens followed Socrates to the Piraeus, or gathered about him at the evening banquet to solve by endless talk the problems of art and literature and philosophy; through the period of darkness when monks, forgotten in their mountain and desert monasteries, watched over and kept alive the tradition of perfection, the legacy of Greece to the world; and again when the "scholar-gentlemen" of the Renaissance flocked to the villa and the ilex groves of the most magnificent of all the magnificent Medici, there to revive the classic standard and seek in it their inspiration. The many were not consulted and, had they developed a sudden hankering after standards, there was none other save this one standard of perfection, sanctified by the ages, for them to accept.

But the reformer at last took them in hand, the liberator preaching freedom of intellect for all, and education was forced upon the many who had been quite happy without it; they were given their chance to share intellectual wealth with the few; and, to prove themselves worthy of this wealth now it is theirs to draw upon, they refuse to be held back by the limitations of the no longer privileged few, to be hampered by the vagaries of a handful of antiquated highbrows, to be the slaves of a traditional standard. The narrow outlook of ancient Greece, the mediaeval monastery, or the Renaissance palace is not broad enough for business go-ahead people, chockfull of education and pep, fully qualified to know what they want, and to invent as many standards as they choose.

As to what the people in their intellectual freedom want, even the casual onlooker need not be left in doubt. Publishers and editors boast that they know as well as the people themselves and that, to satisfy the new literary craving, they provide the new "mass-production", "mass-circulation" literature. Therefore, the most popular form of this "mass-circulation" literature, which is the newspaper, will supply the surest clue to the culture and taste of the time. For this reason, on my too frequent journeys by subway, I have carefully watched the foreign youth or enterprising infant who passes through the evening train with the

morning editions under his arm, an unintelligible cry on his lips, and from him bought the papers best patronized by the passengers who are not already devouring the news in Yiddish or Italian. At my first glance, — and at my last, for the matter of that, — I have learned that crime, sport, and scandal are the beginning and end of what the people want.

These are subjects not unknown in the old "class-circulation" literature, as I fancy our progressives would call it. But there they were used as motives for great tragedy, great sculpture, great comedy, and education has dulled the appetite of the masses for literary kickshaws and artistic fixings. Their taste is for "raw meat", an authority at New York University has recently discovered. Let them have the crime or the sport or the scandal still raw and quivering, not one hideous, loathsome, brutal, indecent, sordid detail toned up or down, and they care not a rap how the "story", whether in newspaper, magazine, or book, is written, how it is printed, how smudgy and rough are the photographs that illustrate it and relieve them from over-exercising that power to read which a paternal Government has squandered untold wealth to develop. Indeed, at times in the course of my researches, I have been tempted to believe that the daily crop of holdups, political deals, rapes, murders, embezzlements, prize-fights, divorces, drunken debauches, so minutely reported, are not the after-effects of a demoralizing war, not the signs of the decline and fall of our modern civilization, not the result of prohibition, but are due simply and solely to the law of demand and supply. Because educated readers demand them, they are supplied, just as cross-word puzzles, rubber corsets, golf sticks, hot dogs, and chewing gum are supplied to meet other of our highly civilized demands. For the people upon whom the advantages of education have been lavished seem perversely bent upon shirking the difficulties that, through education, they were to master. As if reading were task enough in itself, they refuse to read anything that calls for thought or knowledge or imagination on their part. To the "scholar-gentlemen" the end of study was to cultivate their minds; to the "scholar-multitude" it is to get rid of their minds as easily as they can; and in this they have been successful. As Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, who speaks from experience, not optimism, says, with our general education "the

ability to read has well-nigh disappeared if the reading be serious, instructive, or ennobling."

The unfortunate people, who before education was general were unconsulted in matters of art, had to endure the artist's masterpiece. But education as it is to-day has lightened this burden. Substitutes for the master's work are many, now that the purveyor of art understands modern preferences and fancies. The educated people need not exhaust themselves in galleries when everywhere are billboards to delight their eyes and deliver them from the intolerable nonsense of art and beauty. With cheap chromos to enlighten their walls at home, they can cease to bother about such played-out stuff as "the painter's poetry". They have thankfully got rid of the good drawing, good engraving, and good printing that made the American magazine so short a time ago as thirty years the joy of all who cared for the art of illustration. And as the supreme achievement, they have the comics, so dear, so worthy of universal patronage in the new scheme of culture. Theatrical managers, too, know what the people want; they, too, spare no effort to see that the people get it. They have so contrived that thought may be dropped at the door of the theatre, and none but the crudest emotions shall be in danger when the curtain goes up. The stage excels in raw meat. Horrors, merely read of in the newspaper, are actually shown on the stage, nudity drops its last disguise, the scandalous word is spoken, the passing folly becomes as real as flesh and blood will make it. Little groups who gather eagerly in Greenwich Village and Provincetown cannot prevail against the "mass-production" play. Nothing can, except the movies, which enchant their educated audience with the performances of a machine, ingenious perhaps, but all the same soulless, unintelligent, dead.

Music is more firmly in the grasp of the machine, the appeal of mechanical music more irresistible to our educated people. They may go to opera and concert as long as fashion decrees it to be the thing, they may patronize musical comedies if warranted fit for the brainless, they may put in odd hours at museums when music saves them the labor of looking at tiresome objects of art. But they love best canned music, — the music that comes out of victrolas and gramophones and pianolas and hurdy-gurdies and, above everything else, radio, — the music that is no less a sham

than the rest of the culture with which our fine modern progress has enriched us.

Here, then, we have the all too obvious results of the popular education of to-day. The standard of perfection long accepted is left to those foolish enough to stick to it, and new standards more in keeping with up-to-date ideals have been established in its place. The people have learned in their schools to want not what used to be thought the right thing, but what would have struck our scholarly forefathers as hopelessly the wrong thing; and up-to-date business men, seeing big business, cater munificently to this want and, in so doing, strengthen it.

In my old-fashioned way, while I admit the enterprise, I cannot for the life of me discover the advantage or the gain. Nor is mine the pessimism with things as they are which youth believes to be inseparable from age. Men and women of every age everywhere are beginning to ask whether general education as it is has proved the universal panacea it was proclaimed by its prophets. From all sides the melancholy voice of criticism is heard, and the air is heavy with doubt. Mr. Saintsbury deplores the weakening of the common-sense of his countrymen by a "washy overflow of education." Dr. Butler sorrows over the lost illusions of Abelard and the Venerable Bede, could they come back and see to what depths education has dragged us. Henry Fairfield Osborn suggests, as the only salvation for the degenerate educated boys of our day, a return to the training given to cave boys in the pre-education-past. A Committee of Inspection in the High Schools of New York suggests "moral education", to redeem the pupils from the no-morals acquired under our system of education for all. A Superintendent of Schools admits the lowering of standards due to the compromise necessary so long as pupils of every grade of intelligence are compelled to study together. But the witnesses to the present discontent and disappointment are too many to quote.

Doubt in the virtue of popular education is no less prevalent than doubt in the virtue of democracy. As "the craziest of dreams" it strikes the younger generation. Mr. Wells, it is true, believes that the future of the human race he has taken under his wing depends upon its choice between education and chaos; but his theories keep him from seeing that we already have both, and that, by demanding more of what we call education, we risk greater

chaos. For the truth is that the popular education we praise so glibly is not education at all. Modern students are taught to read and write, and innumerable things besides, as they pass upward in grade. But they are not taught the use to make of their training, they are not taught to think, they are not taught that the free development of the intellect depends upon its full exercise under stern discipline. Discipline is the last essential desired or insisted upon under the new soviet theory of government which is corrupting our schools and our colleges. Educational fetters are thrown aside in the nursery, and it is not easy to fit them on again in the school room and the lecture hall. Practical studies, showing practical results, alone are adapted to the popular curriculum; Greek and Latin give way to agriculture and business; the student is rare who seeks the intellectual pleasures which to the few of old were the end of education. The many of to-day who have gone through the schools are no longer illiterate in the strict sense of the word, but neither are they in any sense educated. For, from the educational facilities provided for them, they have learned to appreciate only education of the kind which they believe will help them to get on.

True, to get on is and ever has been the engrossing concern in a world where most people are doomed to live by the sweat of their brows. But for long, the small minority whose toil was intellectual, whose sweat was wrung from them in the study or the studio, were accepted as authorities on their own special subjects. Now, however, when the large majority believe themselves educated and are encouraged in believing it, they are usurping the right of the few, and it is inevitable that from so vulgar an idea of the meaning of education the new standards should be tinged with vulgarity. And, really, there never was so vulgar an age as ours, and nowhere is it as vulgar as in America, which has most reason to boast of the multiplicity of its schools and colleges, while it has less of that restraint which the atmosphere of the past gives to the countries of Europe. Sometimes I am inclined to believe that Henry James was right when he said that America's true mission is to vulgarize the world.

It may be argued that great literature and great art always have been, always are, always will be for the few, for Matthew Arnold's saving remnant. But to-day this saving remnant is threatened,

the influence of education according to the new standards begins to tell upon those educated according to the old. Vulgarity is creeping in, or rather leaping in, everywhere. So far from general education leveling up, it is leveling down, and general deterioration is fast closing in upon us. Signs of it are all around us. Respectable newspapers may provide all the news that's fit to print, but they would not pay their proprietors if the news did not include the sensation of the moment and reserve the most prominent place for the most trivial incident. Nations may totter, but conspicuous columns are open to the beastliest murder, the drunkenest debauch in a dance hall, the most sensational hold-up, the raciest rum raid; conspicuous sections are still devoted to a cat's escapade on the tiles, or a small boy's walloping in the woodshed. And in this respect England is not far behind us. The cheap press came into existence there, so Mr. Stephen McKenna says, when England was taught willy-nilly to read; and how strong is its influence I realized when "The Times" took to publishing a daily page of pictures, while I abandoned hope when I met Mutt and Jeff and their kin in more than one English paper.

Authors who should know better seek to be in fashion by evading rules and restraints they once submitted to gladly. Free English is as much the fashion as free verse, and the critic has but a sneer or a smile for the weakling not yet loosed from the leading strings of decency and decorum. The preacher and the professor drop into the language of the comics for fear that, if over fastidious, they may not be understood by class or congregation. The very Bible is adapted to appeal to the present generation of readers. Israel must "scurry home", and David live in a "burg", and the Scriptural stranger become a "resident alien"; the Garden of Eden must be transformed into a "park", and Noah's Ark into a "barge", and the beautiful English of the King James version must be dishonored and disowned. Serious books on serious subjects are divided into snippets with head lines, like the best-seller of a newspaper, since educated interest cannot be expected to endure through one unbroken chapter. And the occasional editor who has survived from other days and better ways does not hesitate to throw the responsibility of the new carelessness of the writer, the new unreliability of the publisher's reader, the new indifference of the printer, on our "top-heavy education".

Artists are equally bent on glorious independence. The shackles of technique were not irksome to the Old Masters, who treated art as a trade calling for apprenticeship. But the modernists must have their art unfettered, free from training and labor and law, free from any methods of expression save their own, though it is strange that already, from this freedom, they have evolved a formula so hide-bound that their exhibitions can give the Academic show points in mediocre monotony. They would have artists become again as little children who, if they never ceased to be little children, would be safely shut up in asylums for the feeble-minded, or as primitive men but for whose deliverance from primitiveness our brand-newest genius would be too busy clubbing his neighbor to practise his art. And on the legitimate stage, technique is a back number, and the actor whose talent has been developed by intelligent and industrious study is almost as extinct as the dodo. And in modern music the echo of the tom-tom is the Battle Cry of Freedom, and Jazz holds us in thrall. And altogether, while we collect millions to civilize the Negroes in our own country, we are doing our best to uncivilize ourselves and set up their cousins in the African jungle as our models. Really, the more I study the tendencies of the day, the more I seem to see the saving remnant being swallowed up by the ravenous multitude.

Here lies the danger, and the sooner we admit it honestly, the better. Loud talk about education and its power of uplifting cannot altogether conceal the failure of the modern experiment of education for the masses by whom, in a country made safe for democracy, we are ruled, and though to point out an evil is not to prescribe the cure, at least it may help to clear the air. For the old standard to fall before the new, the old beauty to disappear before the new vulgarity, would mean an end of life worth living. Yet this danger is very real unless the right sort of education is found for the many, or else there is a return to exclusive education for the few. When I reflect upon the wide gulf between the hope of yesterday and the achievement of to-day, instead of regretting the lack of popular education of my time I wish it could be shared by the present generation, for the experience of many years has taught me that the world was a more profitable, a more civilized, a safer place to live in before the blessings of education, in being scattered broadcast, turned into evils.

MR. ROOSTER REBELS

DOROTHY CANFIELD

IT was the farmer's daughter who first observed something unusual about the little black cockerel. When she noticed his piercing eye and the athletic stride of his lean legs, so different from the feathery waddle of the big Cochins, she said that an egg of another variety altogether must have slipped into that setting. And she was quite right.

In the first place, when he was only a little chick, he began finding fault with the hen-house because it was dark and by no means clean, — this although the hens kept pointing out to him that he should be thankful to have a good tight roof over his head. Then, when his foster-mother took him out into the hen-yard, he criticized that, because of the unpleasant looking, and worse-than-unpleasant smelling remnants from the table which lay all about. The older fowls called his attention to the fine, fat condition of the poultry as a result of just those table-scraps, and said he was flying in the face of Providence. As a matter of fact, he could not as yet fly at all.

As soon as he could, the hen-yard saw him seldom. His strong black wings carried him over the hen-yard fence, and his strong black legs carried him all over the farm until late every evening.

Even then, as like as not, he would spend the night out in a tree, to the scandal of the respectable, home-keeping hen-yard. Everywhere he went on the farm he found things less and less to his liking, and more and more oppressive to the animals. They were all working hard for the farmer, and getting nothing for themselves. He could not understand why they submitted to such injustice.

Finally his indignation was kindled to fire when he heard the farmer talking about how many fowl he would have ready for market in the fall, and speculating about how many pounds of veal there were in the soft-eyed calves capering about the pasture. The cock had never dreamed of such a horrible conspiracy against their lives, and went rushing from place to place, revealing the plot to the other animals and stirring them up to revolt.

He began with the sheep because they are so easily led, and he told them how shamefully the farmer was misusing them, how they were being prepared for the market, "and that means you are to be killed and eaten, if you please!" and that those who were not to be murdered were to be sheared of their own wool garments and cast out, shivering and naked, with nothing left them but their skins. The sheep rolled their beautiful large eyes at him and said nothing, until he told them of a revolution about to take place. They asked how many animals were to take part in it, and when they learned that all the inhabitants of the farm-yard were to rebel together, they agreed hastily that they would follow the crowd.

The cattle came next. The cock flew up on the fence and harangued them in very much the same terms as those he had used for the sheep, except that he added that the sheep were highly indignant at the injustice done them and were clamoring to be led to a better way of life. The cattle were impressed by this, and said that if things were so bad as to arouse the sheep they really must need attention, and that they would go with the cock if the other animals did.

With this backing he found no difficulty in persuading the horses to join his scheme. And then he began on the hen-yard. This was harder, for of course he had little prestige with the cocks and hens who had all known him since his childhood. But he explained his plans so alluringly that even the conservative old

head cock gave his consent. And of course the hens had no more to say after that.

This was his project. In his travels and explorations he had come across a beautiful clearing high up on the mountain, with plenty of running water, and grass, and thick oak trees which cast a delicious shade. There were quantities of blueberry and blackberry bushes all around, and all sorts of nuts and acorns. There was room and to spare for all the animals, and nothing for them to do but to enjoy life.

"Think!" he cried to the ducks paddling about on the stagnant little duck-pond, "think of the joy of having all the clear, fresh water you want, in that glorious mountain air. You will look back on the horrible smells of this odious place and on the green scum of your muddy pond with a shudder, once you are in that happy country."

The ducks said they had no fault to find with scum, which often contained interesting insects, but they were sociably minded and, learning that the exodus was to be general, they said they would go along too, for the sake of company.

So far the cock had encountered scarcely any opposition, and he began to think that he was irresistible. When he went to the pigsty he hardly troubled himself to try to be persuasive. But there he met his Waterloo. The pig would not consider the question. His snout buried in the sour swill of his trough, he listened with a meditative squint of his little eyes to the accounts of the wonderful new life about to begin for them all on the mountain. The cock ended, "The expedition starts to-night. Be on hand at the rising of the moon."

The pig asked just one question, "Will I have my swill there?"

"Good gracious, *no!*" shouted the cock. "You'll have something so much better than swill . . . ! Sweet, nutty acorns, and all sorts of clean wholesome roots. This disgusting food you have now will seem to you like . . . "

The pig lay down comfortably in the mud and said, "I'm not such a fool as to leave my swill."

The cock saw that the pig needed convincing, and started in heatedly on his usual lines, "Do you know *why* you are given swill? I'll tell you why. So that you can grow fat, so that there will be more of you to eat, when you are killed in the autumn butchery."

The pig turned over the mud and closed his eyes luxuriously. "What did you *suppose* pigs were fed for?" he said sleepily.

The dog had heard the talk from where he lay with one eye on the sheep. "That's right," he said, "what else are pigs for?"

The cock answered him witheringly, "And I suppose dogs are for running their legs off after the sheep and cattle, rain or shine, and losing their sleep guarding the house of people who only care for them because they can make use of them for their selfish ends!"

"Sure," said the dog, "what else are dogs for?"

"I'd be ashamed," retorted the cock, "to be the only one on the farm to agree with the *pig!*"

"Ah, he says it because he's stupid, and I say it because I am good."

"Well, you neither of you have enough intelligence to . . . "

"Who said anything about intelligence?" asked the dog as he

The Conference

ran off to round up some young sheep just about to break through a fence.

That night there were great doings about the barn. When the moon rose the procession was standing ready, and as she looked over the tip of the mountain the cock flapped his wings and crew, and the great revolt began. It was pleasantly exciting to the younger ones to be out at night, and the older ones had all they could do to keep the line straight as it started up the mountain. The cock was full of joy and pride. He looked back over the long line of animals making their way up the steep path, and his heart yearned over their former sufferings. He felt deeply thankful that it had been vouchsafed to him to be the one to rouse them from the torpor of their submission and to lead them from stagnation into a new life.

Dawn was breaking when they reached the clearing, and to their tired eyes it looked beautiful and welcoming as a dream. The cock rushed about, pointing out the beauties of the spot and settling the different parties in the places he had picked out for them. He was very tired himself, but he did not think of that. In fact he had not thought of himself at all from the beginning.

The day passed peaceably in a sweet indolence. It was lovely there on the grass under the oak trees, and the mountain pasturage had the most delicious flavor. The young pullets and cockerels strolled off into the blackberry bushes and ate their fill of the fruit and of the thousand flies and insects which swarmed in the woods. The cock's eyes gleamed like those of a prophet-leader as he saw before them all a long succession of such idyllic days.

Toward evening the cows gathered in a bunch and put their horns together. Then a spokeswoman was appointed who went to the cock. "It's time for milking," she said gently.

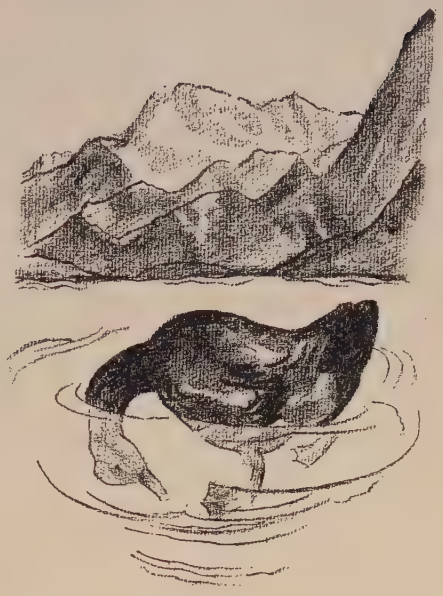
The cock assured her with pride that that relic of slavery was a thing of the past, that henceforth they were to follow the laws of nature, and give milk to their own young and not to a greedy master.

The cow made no comment, and walked back to the others. In a few moments they began to move away, in a leisurely fashion, chewing their cuds and switching their tails.

"Where are you going?" asked the cock, suspecting nothing.

"Back to the farm. There is nobody here to milk us." And they

moved steadily down the mountain path.



The cock flew after them, running in front of them, flapping his wings, begging them to stop long enough for him to argue the question.

The oldest cow said peaceably, "When you were talking about the life up here, you never told us there would be nobody to milk us. We are very uncomfortable when we are not regularly milked. What can a rooster know about milk?"

In a few days the horses went back too. They explained their reason somewhat apologetically, but still firmly. "We're getting all out of condition, doing nothing this way. Our chest muscles are growing quite flabby."

"But," argued the cock eagerly, "what do you want of chest muscles in a free life? They are only to pull burdens. Live here and you won't need them."

"Ah, but ours are so finely developed, it's a pity to lose them," they murmured as they disappeared down toward the valley.

"Good riddance," called the cock, who could not understand people so incapable of listening to valid argument.

The sheep were the next to go, and their reason was unanswerable. "We have counted," they told the cock seriously, "and there are now three more animals back on the farm than here on the mountain. And of course we must go with the majority."

The cock saw that he must exert himself if his experiment were to succeed, and when the ducks came to say good-bye, he did not reproach them or scold them for their broken promise. He spoke eagerly and conciliatingly. "What fault can you find with the conditions up here? Isn't there something I can do to make you satisfied? Isn't the water as clear and beautiful as I predicted?"

"Yes, but it is so tiring to be on it!" they said fretfully. "It's

not nice and still, like a pond, at all. It wears a person out to keep paddling against the current. And then some of the older lady-ducks don't like its being so clear that you can see our feet as we swim about. They say it gives them a queer feeling."

"But the air up here, this glorious, stimulating mountain air. Doesn't it make you feel like new beings?"

One of them replied, "I don't want to feel like a new being. I want to feel like a duck!"

And another one said, confidentially, "Come now, honestly, don't you find the air rather thin and wishy-washy compared to the rich breezes from the manure pit?"

The cock was pathetically eager to keep them, as he began to fear that the hens would follow their example. "A little further up the mountain the brook makes a pool, where the water is as still as still can be. Suppose we all move up there?"

"Is there a green scum on it?" asked the ducks.

"No *indeed*," said the cock, proudly.

They looked at each other. "He doesn't understand our nature at all," they said, and turning their backs on him they hastened back to the farm-yard, quiddling their tails with delight at the idea of going home.

The cock tried to console himself for their absence. "Perhaps it's better to have all of one kind in an undertaking like this," he thought. He looked with the greatest satisfaction at the clean, healthy young poultry growing up in such wholesome surroundings. He often said to them, "You can't begin to appreciate your blessings. I had no such decency and cleanliness about me in *my* young days! You can't imagine what a horrible place the hen-yard is . . . all the poultry crowded together in a tiny space, the very earth foul under your feet, your food made up of half-decayed scraps from the farmer's table. And inside the hen-house it was worse. Dark, airless, vermin-haunted. At night you couldn't scratch your head without knocking your next neighbor off the roost. And yet, dear knows, you often enough had occasion to wish to scratch your head."

"It must have been very sociable," the young fowls often said wistfully to themselves.

However, the hens were the ones who began the movement back. A number of them came to the cock and said, "We feel like

raising families, and we can't think of doing it in this wild place, with no security for the chicks against all sorts of dangers. *We* like it well enough, but the welfare of her children must come first in every mother's heart."

"But it is not good for the chicks to have no dangers about them," argued the cock. "They will become much stronger and more healthy if they learn to take care of themselves."

The hens were sick and tired of the sound of his arguments. "It may do the *chicks* good," they said peevishly, "but it would make us very fidgety, and goodness knows, it's nervous enough work, raising chicks, under the best of circumstances. What does a cock know about the cares of maternity!" And away they went.

The young pullets went after them, feeling that they should not stay up there with no matrons in the party. And of course the cockerels followed the pullets.

"Sorry to leave you, old fellow," they called to the cock, paralyzed at this complete desertion, "but life without the ladies, you know!"

The cock's heart burned with indignation and scorn of his kind. "I'm *glad* they have gone," he cried hotly, although he was not glad at all. "It's no use trying to make a new world out of such material. I'll make my own world."

And so he lived in the woods all by himself, and got on very well indeed, for he had long legs and strong ones and could run about and get plenty to eat. And of course he had only himself to look out for.

But in the end his long legs carried him into a net the farmer's boy had set, and he was taken down into the valley whether he would or not.

The farmer was very much pleased when he saw him. "Why, that's the black cock that ran away. Isn't he splendidly fattened! And it never cost me a cent. That's a cheap way to raise poultry and no mistake."

And he sent him to the market with the other animals that were ready, for it was autumn and time to sell live-stock.

The cock went in the same wagon with the pig, now grown to be a hog, and so fat he could scarcely see out of his eyes. But he did not care much about seeing, and was immensely satisfied with himself, as usual.

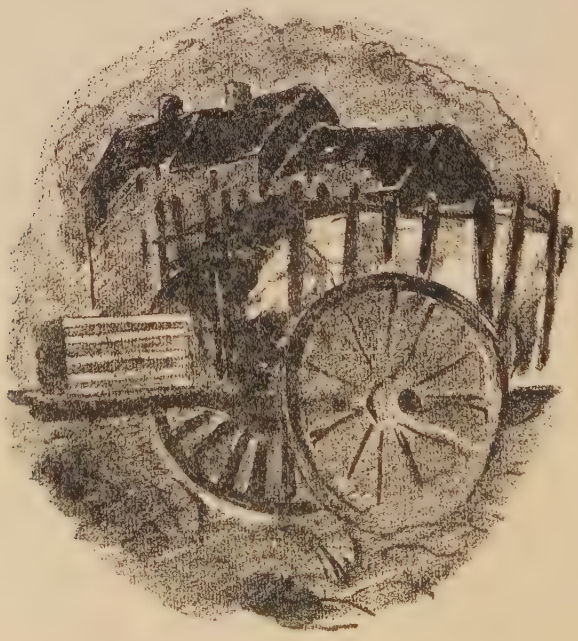
The cock cried excitedly, running from one side of his crate to the other, "We're going to be killed. They're going to murder us. And eat us afterward!"

"To be sure," said the hog. "Well, they can't eat any better than I have in my time. I certainly have not wasted my opportunities. I'll warrant not another hog on market will give such big pork chops as I." He smiled with pride, so that his eyes completely disappeared in his fat.

When they came to the city, they went into the butchering place together. The hog waddled along ahead. "Good-bye," he said, "and don't make a fuss. What did you *expect*, when you found you were born into the world a cock?"

The cock resisted to the last, flapping his wings and struggling fiercely. "They've no more right to kill me than I have to kill them!" he screamed.

But in a few minutes neither of them had any more to say about it, for their heads were cut off, and they were hanging side by side in the market place, both marked, "For Sale."



CAN CRITICS BE GENTLEMEN?

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

DOES the gentlemanly instinct of reticence, taste, and decorum tend to falsify the literary judgment? There seems to be an impression in certain quarters that it does, and that the dilettante should keep his hands off the serious business of appraising literary productions. Mr. Whitridge, who is a grandson of Matthew Arnold, challenges such an assumption and states why in his opinion the honnête homme *is peculiarly fitted to pass impartial judgments in the realm of art and letters.*

NOT long ago a reviewer for one of the weekly papers criticized an author for being too much of a gentleman. His book, a collection of literary essays, was interesting enough, but it suffered from a certain lack of sympathy. The author, to use the reviewer's own words, "was a gentleman first and a literary critic second." The article went on to expatiate upon the fundamental incompatibility of the two species and finally concluded by warning the "gentleman" that he must either mend his ways or resign all aspirations to literary distinction.

The tone of the reviewer was so confident that for a moment we hardly ventured to question his reasoning. Indeed if he had not protested so much we would willingly have let him have his way. Perhaps it was the extra ounce of conviction that aroused our suspicions instead of stunning us into acquiescence. It occurred to us that, after all, the Temple of the Muses should be open to all worshipers, without regard to race, creed, or color. By what right was this arbitrary sign, "Gentlemen not Admitted", blazoned above the door? Was it an inevitable symbol of the times? Nobody likes a perpetual loser, and for the last hundred years the gentleman has been losing all along the line. Democracy, if it has not actually hustled him out of politics, has made him step lively to keep up with the crowd. Not content with this success it appears that democracy is now bent on hounding him out of the broad domain of literature whose gallant walks have refreshed his spirit for so many hundred years.

It is not the purpose of this essay to play the cynic or to lament a lost cause. No doubt it is true, as Talleyrand says, that those who did not live before 1789 can never know what society really means, but in any case, what we have lost was an exotic flower that must

inevitably have withered in a new environment. Without speculating further on the delicate perfection of the good old days, let us examine the gentleman and try to determine his inherent limitations as far as the appreciation and understanding of literature is concerned. Obviously we must consider the gentleman at his best. The most hardened Tory would not maintain that a fox-hunting squire was *ipso facto* a judge of literature. Nor is the possession of evening clothes an infallible guide to critical acumen. Tennyson once grumbled that Browning would die in a dress suit, and if the unmitigated atmosphere of the drawing-room is injurious to the poet it is not likely to be healthy for the critic. The point would hardly be worth making were it not that a taste for society and the race-track is so often mistaken for the essential attributes of a gentleman. Such qualities, of course, are entirely irrelevant. Let us grapple with the issue as it is, not as it appears to the prejudiced and the class-conscious. Does the gentlemanly instinct of reticence, taste, decorum, whatever we choose to call it, tend to falsify the literary judgment?

"Literature," says Cardinal Newman in one of his glorious passages, "does not argue, it declaims and insinuates; it is multiform and versatile: it persuades instead of convincing, it seduces, it carries captive; it appeals to the sense of honor, or to the imagination, or to the stimulus of curiosity; it makes its way by means of gaiety, satire, romance, the beautiful, the pleasurable." What can the gentleman oppose to such all-compelling variety? We admit at once — nothing. He who undertakes to condemn whatever may not conform to his private code of morality must be prepared to jettison an invaluable cargo of masterpieces. A sinless literature in a sinful world is on the face of it inconceivable. To the best of our knowledge it is the fanatic, a very different creature from the gentleman, who judges literature by purely ethical standards. To withhold Rabelais from the public libraries, because a few small boys delight in extracting his pornographic plums, would be as fatuous as it is to legislate against alcoholic liquors because a few men choose to make beasts of themselves. Literature and law are alike in that they cannot cater to the abnormal man.

It is the peculiar merit of the gentleman that, far from imposing his own standards upon literature, he contrives to keep himself

out of the way. "Men are forever vulgar," says Ruskin, "precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy." The adjective "genteel" has unfortunately warped the true meaning of gentleman. An air of finicky refinement fits the imitation well enough, but the genuine article instinctively recoils from shams. Sympathy, freedom from callousness, the ability to sense a situation, — these are the qualities that mark the gentleman, and these, we maintain, are also qualities that distinguish the best literary criticism. In theory, at least, we believe that everybody, radical and conservative alike, will admit the overwhelming importance of sympathy. It is the dearth of this one quality that keeps the body of literary criticism so slight. Hack writers who flit gracefully from politics to sport, and from sport to literature, succeed temporarily in making us accept such substitutes as intimacy or facility, but in the long run posterity will disown these interlopers.

From the practical point of view, however, insistence on sympathy involves us at once in a host of difficulties. If it is to mean more than mere lazy tolerance, sympathy necessitates intense imaginative effort. *Marius the Epicurean*, for instance, could only have been written by a scholar who brought the whole weight of his intellect to bear upon the beauties of paganism. Matthew Arnold's *Essays in Criticism* represent, aside from anything else, a fine departure from the narrowly insular attitude of his contemporaries towards the literature of the Continent. Both critics no doubt have their limitations. Walter Pater's passion for beauty, Arnold's insistence on the saving grace of culture, neither of them covers the whole field of literary endeavor. In a word, Pater and Arnold were human beings and not demigods. But will any irresponsible reviewer have the effrontery to maintain that they were hampered by being gentlemen? Whatever virtue they possessed as critics was due to the disciplined yet sympathetic intellect which we have tried to show is the hall-mark of every gentleman of education.

Sympathy, even though it be founded on a rock-bed of wide reading, never of itself made a literary critic. The quality of sensitiveness, which we have referred to already as the absence of callousness, is at least equally important. Mr. Chesterton's delightful remark on the electric light signs of Broadway will perhaps illustrate our meaning. "What a wonderful sight," he is reported to

have said, "for those who can't read." This constant awareness of vulgarity or beauty, of the genuine or the artificial, can hardly be deliberately acquired. It is the critical sixth sense without which the soundest judgment may go astray. The novelist may thrive without it, the poet often becomes tongue-tied because of it, but for the man who aspires to qualify as a critic it remains the one inevitable prerequisite.

Sensitiveness, whether we like it or not, cuts both ways, — towards pain and towards pleasure. Once we adopt the armor of indifference, a perfectly legitimate defense to all but the critic and the gentleman, the two extremes are automatically eliminated. It is one of nature's most inexorable laws that one cannot become oblivious to the ugly without at the same time losing a feeling for the beautiful. The dreadful effects of callousness are nowhere better illustrated than in the pages of that popular favorite, the etiquette book. The man of the world may dismiss these handbooks on good form as being frankly ridiculous. He may even find them mildly amusing. The picture of the twentieth century bourgeois gentilhomme struggling to ape the manners of Fifth Avenue possesses an undoubted elemental humor, which further attracts the Pharisee by titillating his sense of social superiority. The critic, however, is not so easily entertained. Beneath the unconscious satire he recognizes the essential beastliness of these travesties on society. If the younger generation is going to be brought up to consider the niceties of table decoration as the criterion of good manners, then indeed it is time to join the chorus of croaking pessimists in their lament over the degeneracy of the times. This is a question of sensitiveness rather than morality, and here again the critic and the gentleman march side by side.

At their best they have yet another quality in common. We have called it intuition, the ability to sense a situation. Walter de la Mare has divided the poetic imagination into two distinct kinds, "the one divines, the other discovers. The one knows that beauty is truth, the other proves that truth is beauty." We do not wish to make exaggerated claims for the critic, but we maintain that there are moments when he approaches the poet in his faculty for divination. It is perhaps more usual to consider criticism as a rigidly intellectual process, as something entirely removed from the fine frenzy of the poet. If we are prepared to accept a

relentlessly scientific conception of criticism then indeed our theory of intuition falls to pieces. Criticism can never be more than partially scientific. When every item of information has been collected, when every ambiguous passage has been unraveled, the critic still has the bulk of the work before him. Sheer analysis, however profound, does not constitute criticism any more than a knowledge of chess automatically makes a man a military genius. Something must happen before the chess champion can hope to follow in the footsteps of Marshal Foch. He must have learned, among other things, that the science of war involves more than the calculation of chances and the cool exercise of reason. So, too, literary criticism refuses to be confined to the dispassionate method of the laboratory. Creation is after all the driving force behind every act, and the critic must feel the goad no less than the poet or the musician. Otherwise he will fall into the German error of making books instead of writing them. What is it that galvanizes the dry bones of scholarship into the living creature we call criticism? What is it that distinguishes the erudite papers of the Modern Language Association from Francis Thompson's essay on Shelley? More than anything else we believe it to be the quality of intuition, — the quality that divines, that wings its way to the heart without climbing the weary road to the understanding.

It may well be asked why we assume that the gentleman possesses this rare quality in common with the critic. For the moment, we must content ourselves with a glittering generality. The gentleman's view of life is more panoramic than that of the man in the market place. Whatever his handicap in the study of literature, he is blessed with one tremendous advantage. He looks upon literature as his own patrimony, not as a private garden of which he must ask the key of some college professor. Books are not a pleasant refuge to which he betakes himself in moments of despair, they are the inseparable companions which are forever supplementing his own narrow experience. Now this business of intuition, of which we have made so much, is not as supernatural as it seems. The man who correlates his reading and his observation will soon be credited by his friends with extraordinary powers of divination. When asked to explain a certain opinion he may merely shrug his shoulders. Nevertheless we trust him as we do the expert consultant who, when called upon to give his reasons

for a rather unusual diagnosis, replied abruptly, "No reasons, merely a clinical hunch." But to the men who know him that clinical hunch is enough.

Having done full justice and perhaps more than justice to the gentleman's qualifications for criticism, let us return to the original charge made against him: that he is constitutionally incapable of understanding genius. What *rapport* can there ever be between the artist, with his impossible table manners and his still more impossible emotionalism, and the impeccable, close-lipped, self-contained apostle of good form. We have deliberately chosen the two extremes, and yet we do not believe that even between these two understanding is hopelessly inconceivable. It may well be that the gentleman shudders on his first plunge into Bohemia. The first time that Andrew Lang met Stevenson he took an instinctive dislike to him. One glance told him that Stevenson was an affected aesthete, but eventually they became the best of friends. Supposing they had never met after the first unfavorable encounter, Lang might still have reveled in *Treasure Island*. Why should it be taken for granted that the gentleman cannot appreciate a work of art without admiring the character of the artist?

As long as we are embarking upon the troubled waters of art and morality we may as well make for a storm centre at once. Is it possible for the gentleman to approach the subject of Oscar Wilde dispassionately? Here, if anywhere, his standards of decency might be expected to deaden his literary sympathy, but again we suspect the difficulty of being more apparent than real. Nothing can obscure the shimmering brilliancy of *Lady Windermere's Fan*, and nothing can atone for the degenerate taint in Oscar Wilde. It is not the gentleman who finds it necessary to rummage old newspaper files for accounts of the trial on the plea that he is making a comprehensive study of Wilde's plays. The gentleman takes the best and ignores the worst without pretending that the worst can in some way be palliated on the vague score of genius.

And now let us forget the gentleman, or rather let us consider him not as a strayed reveler from the *ancien régime*, but as the incarnation of rarefied common-sense. Though genius chafes at his criticism, is he not usually right after all? There are certain

avenues to literature which your man of common-sense will not tolerate. One of them is the approach via illegitimate children. Just at present literary criticism is suffering from what the French call *fureur de l'inédit*. By all means let us have the documents on Wordsworth's French daughter, but preserve us from those sentimentalists who look for her influence in every line of his poetry. Instead of assuming that scraps of unpublished matter are necessarily interesting, it is well to remember that the assumption lies just the other way. The homage paid to unpublished documents is one of the diseases of modern scholarship. This year being the hundredth anniversary of Byron's death it is perhaps worth suggesting a nice piece of entirely useless research. There has so far been no authoritative list of the women he seduced in Venice during the year 1816–1817. Such information can be of no conceivable interest to anybody, but if ever discovered it will probably be hailed in some quarters as a distinct contribution to Byroniana.

No doubt common-sense can be reduced to absurdity like any other virtue. We have tried to vindicate it from the attacks of its opponents because, at the moment, the champions of the bizarre are more than usually loud-mouthed. God forbid that we should live in a society so standardized that eccentricity dare not show its head. There will always be a need in a democracy for splendid saints and splendid sinners. Whatever the form of government, mankind keeps its interest in "the dangerous edge of things". It is well that eccentrics should flout the dictates of common-sense, but they must not invoke the very deity they have defied. Garibaldi would have raised few recruits if he had based his appeal on the promise of a bonus when the Austrians were defeated. "Let those," he said, "who wish to continue the War against the stranger come with me. I offer neither pay nor quarters nor provisions, I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles, and death."

The man who can sound that note without being theatrical is not often met with in any age or in any country. When he appears men will follow him, whatever their walk in life. So it is with literature. Genius always leaves havoc in its wake. The value of sound literary criticism lies in its ability to recognize impostors. It does not tolerate national prejudices, it is not concerned with capital or labor. Above all, it abhors that miserable class-consciousness that seeks to confine genius to one stratum of society.

CATHOLICISM IN MASSACHUSETTS

KATE SARGENT

EDITORIAL FOREWORD

FOR six months THE FORUM opened its pages to a general discussion of Roman Catholicism in the United States. In the March FORUM Michael Williams, a Catholic layman, editor of "The Commonweal", challenged Protestants to come out into the open and state why they considered his Church un-American. In April, John Jay Chapman accepted this challenge. In May, Frederick Joseph Kinsman, former Protestant bishop and now a Catholic layman, replied to Mr. Chapman. In June, Charles Fama made a further indictment from the Protestant point of view. He was replied to in July by William Franklin Sands who closed the discussion. Throughout these months many persons both Catholic and Protestant suggested to the Editor that THE FORUM undertake an impartial survey of Massachusetts, with the idea of ascertaining whether any basis existed for the oft-repeated charges of interference in Bay State politics by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of that State. Acting on this suggestion THE FORUM secured the services of Mrs. Sargent, who during several months personally investigated the alleged interference of the Church in Massachusetts politics. The results of her investigation are contained in the following article. In the October number Mrs. Sargent explained the nature and method of her investigation. In future numbers of THE FORUM there will be articles by prominent Roman Catholics setting forth the Catholic side. THE FORUM is also conducting a similar investigation into the alleged interference of Protestant sects in politics at the National capital.

PART II — THE RESULTS

When the World War ended, a certain Boston colonel returned home under somewhat dramatic circumstances, — following demotion and reinstatement, — and he and his family were extensively interviewed. One of my assignments, as a staff member of the paper that had been instrumental in his restoration to rank, was to call upon his mother and get a statement from her.

She was an autocratic old lady, accustomed to homage; her husband had been a Civil War veteran, and all her sons were in the public eye. As I was leaving, she started to relate an anecdote, evidently amusing, for she began to laugh, but interrupted herself to ask, "Are you a Catholic?"

"No, but —"

"Oh, too bad! Then I can't tell it to you."

I coaxed in vain; but at the door she laid her hand on my arm and said cajolingly, "Ah, be a Catholic, dear, and save your soul!"

A delightful old lady. I have never seen her since but have often thought that, should I ever become a convert to her faith, my first secular act would be to seek her out and hear that anecdote!

Two reflections, prompted by the incident, have persistently recurred: one, that the members of her Church purposely maintain this barrier; the other, that if saving souls were the Church's only function, there would be no sectarian problem in Massachusetts.

In throwing off the church domination that marked her early history, Massachusetts took the first step toward possible domination by another sect. It is now brought as a reproach against her by that Church that the State is "without God", — witness the address by the Reverend John J. Graham quoted in the preceding article in these columns. Yet without absolute separation of church and state, the Roman Hierarchy would never have attained its present power in the Commonwealth.

The exercise of Roman influence in public affairs occurs chiefly in education legislation; and there it has proved a serious stumbling block to progress. This, in spite of the fact that the Massachusetts Legislature is overwhelmingly Protestant in make-up. Whereas Boston has a Catholic mayor, who appoints only Catholics to office, and a City Council of nine members, only one of whom is a Protestant, in the State government this majority is reversed. The governor, lieutenant-governor, and more than 180 out of 279 legislators are non-Catholics; yet the Roman Church has been able to bring such pressure to bear on legislation against which it has set its face, as to halt, if not deadlock, all progressive action.

The clash is that old one between the American principle of a secular state, and that of the Roman Church that secular and reli-

gious education should go hand in hand. Any movement toward improvement in public education hits the Church in three ways: it reinforces that control of education by civil authorities which is contrary to the Catholic ideal; it develops a liberal thought which in every generation has proved a danger to the Church's control over its followers; and by raising the standard of the public schools, it constrains a like improvement in the parochial schools.

The non-Catholic citizen, who judges proposed measures on their merits alone, is frequently startled and astonished at the points where Roman Catholic opposition breaks out. Measures that are most carefully worded so as not to injure religious sensibilities may prove antagonistic to Roman Church policies, and are then bitterly attacked. A study reveals that their enactment would encroach upon what the Hierarchy regards as its own special preserves in education.

The fact that the merits of a question figure so little sometimes gives rise to strange line-ups. An example is to be found in the so-called "Anti-Aid Amendment" to the Massachusetts State Constitution.

For many years the question of public aid for institutions of learning has been a source of agitation there, as elsewhere. In 1855 an amendment was adopted which forbade any appropriation of public money for sectarian schools, or any schools except those conducted under supervision of the public authorities in the town or city where the money was to be expended. This amendment came to be cited as a ground for objection to State support of Amherst Agricultural College, a non-sectarian State institution; and the Supreme Court was called upon to interpret the amendment. It ruled that the term "school" did not apply to "incorporated academies or colleges". Opposition continued, however, until a more sweeping amendment was introduced about 1900, and in one form or another appeared nearly every year until 1917 when the so-called "Anti-Aid Amendment" was adopted at a Constitutional Convention. This prohibits the appropriation of any public money to any privately controlled institution, sectarian or otherwise. It obliged the State to discontinue its partial support of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to which it had been contributing since 1863, and of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. In order to avert further wrangling over

Amherst Agricultural College, which was a State institution pure and simple, steps were taken to convert its board of trustees into a State-controlled body.

The Hierarchy was opposed to this amendment, and Cardinal O'Connell, head of the Boston diocese, issued a manifesto against it. It was introduced, however, by a Roman Catholic politician of Boston, with a very strong following: one Martin Lomasney, popularly known as the "Mahatma of Ward 5", whose rôle in city and State politics would make volumes of highly diverting reading.

Both Catholics and Protestants were divided on this question. The measure was in reality a compromise. Many Protestants were opposed to State aid for universities, even including alumni of those institutions affected. Some Protestants voted for the measure, fearing worse legislation, possibly a repeal of the old amendment which would open the way for State aid to parochial schools, as in the Quebec plan. Thus the line-up at the polls had not the appearance of a sectarian split; yet the parochial school was the actual crux of the problem.

One of the most amazing fights in the history of education took place in 1919, — amazing because the bitterness it engendered still rankles fiercely, and yet the general public knew nothing of the facts, owing to the excessive "discretion" of the newspapers.

A special commission was appointed by the late Governor McCall to sit during the summer of 1918 and study the educational needs of the State. This body included six Protestants and three Roman Catholics. Two of the latter were State representatives, and the third, a man who represented the views of the Roman Hierarchy and is understood to have been appointed at the request of the Cardinal. The commission was headed by State Senator George D. Chamberlain of Springfield, and its findings are generally known as the "Chamberlain report".

Sittings continued for six months, and hearings were held in various sections of the State. The commission then made certain recommendations, which were later drafted into seventeen bills by the Legislative committee on education. The two Catholic representatives concurred in the report, but the man who represented the Hierarchy wrote a long dissenting statement, which was published with the findings. As soon as the report was made public a

storm of Roman Catholic opposition broke. An anonymous circular was found one morning in the State House letter-box of every Senator and Representative, bitterly assailing the report, misinterpreting its objects, and impugning the motives of the men who had drawn it up.

Another mode of attack was a deluge of letters written by parochial school children all over the State, and mailed to legislators. Among the Catholics a sharp division occurred, a progressive minority favoring the measures and deploring the attitude of the Hierarchy. One of the latter, a State Senator, was so indignant at the exploitation of the children in the matter that he replied to one of them at length, with the evident intention of bringing the matter out into the open.

The child's letter, made from a set copy (as they were all similar in phraseology), included such terms as "respectfully and energetically protest", "iniquitous bill", "infamous in scope and desire", "uncalled-for, mischief-making Chamberlain measure", "unfair, un-American legislation". This and other letters were signed by adult relatives, with some such endorsement as "I am heartily in accord with the sentiments expressed by my son," etc.

The Senator's reply congratulated the pupil upon the advantages of a Catholic education which were his, but declared it "wholly improper" for him to attack the report and discredit the motives of high-minded and earnest men; cited the commandment against bearing false witness, and used the phrase "those responsible for causing you to write to me".

He gave permission for the letter to be read at the next hearing. A day or two later, however, without explanation he went to the chairman and said he would have to withdraw that permission. Although he did not recede from his support of the measure, it was apparent that such pressure had been brought to bear upon him as to dissuade him from allowing the letter to become public.

Nearly a thousand of these letters were received in a single day by one legislator alone.

Practically all the measures were opposed by Catholic interests. Hostile action, however, was directed chiefly against three: one, providing for the establishment and distribution of a general State fund for education; one, imposing a penalty on those cities and towns which failed to comply with State laws on education;

and the third, requiring compulsory physical training in all the schools.

The first item made possible the equalization of salaries paid to teachers, so that children in poorer communities might have the same advantages in education as those in richer cities and towns. By its terms, the State was to reimburse, in certain proportions, communities which were unable to maintain high-grade schools out of their own funds. Opposition to this was based ostensibly on the increased taxation, but fundamentally on the increased advantage it would give public over parochial schools, and also on its tendency toward State "centralization and control".

The second item tended to affect parochial schools in a less direct way. It proposed that towns and cities which failed to comply with all school laws should forfeit their share of the school fund until they did comply. Now, among the school laws are these: that no child shall be excused from attending public school unless such private instruction as he receives be approved by the public authorities; and that all instruction in the subjects required by law be given in the English language. There were indications in certain foreign-speaking communities that the latter regulation was not being enforced and that many children were coming out of the parochial schools unable to speak English. In other words, the supervision by local school committees was sometimes lax, often hampered by political pressure brought to bear against them. The Catholic opposition fought the new measure on the ground that the existing supervision was adequate. Bishop Beaven of Springfield in a letter to all the clergy in his diocese wrote as follows:

"It is our wish that you use every legitimate means to oppose and defeat any legislation which unnecessarily introduces State control over our private institutions."

Instruction how to line up church opposition in the various communities was conveyed in a letter from the superintendent of parochial schools in the western diocese, to all the French priests. "Nearly all your people are of the Republican party, and it needs you," the writer pointed out. He recommended that meetings be called and the matter presented. Resolutions of protest were urged, to be placed with the chairman of the Republican State Committee, who was to be lined up against the bill "unless he wants to

drive your people out of the Republican party." The letter declared that the proposed measure would take away control from local school committee and place it in the "central" power of the State.

The bill providing for compulsory physical education was misconstrued as a measure for the teaching of sex hygiene, and was bitterly attacked all over the State by local Catholic politicians who made it an issue in running for office. One man in Springfield actually defeated his opponent after circulating a pamphlet on the "Chamberlain Sex-Hygiene Bill", in which he misinterpreted the measure as follows:

"A bill which would be compulsory teaching of Sex-Hygiene and Birth Control to children ten and twelve years old, against the parents' wishes. A bill which would disrupt the moral of your children."

This inspired etymologist closed with the words: "My opponent is also a *Sexagenarian* and, in my opinion, would not be able to serve your district properly." The word "sexagenarian" was printed in italics, and to the bulk of this man's constituents conveyed the impression that it meant a believer in the teaching of sex hygiene!

Another circular against the bill was issued by Reverend Francis P. Donnelly, S. J., of Holy Cross College, Worcester. In it he referred to "the unnecessary, futile, and dangerous physical training bill"; and continued: "The advocates of this legislation are making such extravagant claims for the efficacy of their measures that they would seem to be amenable to the law for quack medicines by their exaggerated claims. . . . To put health and physical training under an appointed official who has not a medical degree is to expose everyone to fads, to all kinds of quack prescriptions, to abominations of sex-hygiene and sex control. . . . Are you in favor of laws which will put your children at the mercy of some remote faddist, who has no knowledge of medicine, who may be obsessed by immoral and dangerous theories?"

The school fund was passed in spite of Catholic Church opposition, but the physical training bill was defeated for several years and was finally adopted in modified form, the measure providing for "indoor and outdoor games and athletic exercise" as part of the school curriculum.

The hearings at the State House, held before the education committee, were thronged with priests. A lawyer known as "the Cardinal's attorney" appeared against the school fund bill and one that called for reorganization of the then existing State Board of Education.

While debate on the Chamberlain report was under way, educators decided that the only way to combat the tremendous tidal wave of Catholic opposition and the misunderstanding that was being inculcated among unthinking groups was through publicity in the newspapers. As it was, such publicity as was going out reached only one faction: the Catholic laymen. In an effort to get the matter before the voters at large, and have it threshed out openly where all might read, a sponsor for the legislation offered the facts for publication in the daily press. He was unable to get any publicity on the sectarian issue. One paper promised to print a perfunctory report if the issue ever came up on the floor of the Legislature. Public reading of the Catholic Senator's letter, above referred to, would have made such an occasion; on withdrawal of leave to read it, that hope failed.

Not one Protestant voter in thousands ever knew of the sectarian opposition, or ever heard of the parochial school letters. Of the two concurring Catholics on the recess commission, one at least suffered severe discipline for his independence of thought and action. This man, a public official of unassailable honor and recognized abilities, was defeated for the State Senate; an anonymous paper was circulated against him in his church, wherein he was characterized as a renegade; and his business suffered. He has since removed from his old district and now resides in a suburb which is a Protestant stronghold.

It is by no means the contention in this article that the influence of the Roman Church is always on the wrong side of the question. The purpose here is merely to indicate, by a few examples, the extent to which the Church, fundamentally a religious institution, wields power in secular affairs.

Its hand reached out openly last fall to defeat the so-called Child Labor Amendment. In this action the Church ranged itself on the side of many non-Catholics who saw danger in the encroachments of Federal authority in local affairs. The intervention of the Catholic Church, however, gave rise to a peculiar situation,

in which many politicians of that faith were painfully embarrassed. Two such were Mayor James M. Curley of Boston and United States Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts.

Senator Walsh had voted for the amendment in the Senate. Until the Church took a hand, the amendment was popularly regarded as a protective measure favorable to labor, and was supported by many labor interests and by politicians seeking the labor vote. Senator Walsh and Mayor Curley went together into the committee room at the Democratic State convention at Worcester, and were responsible for inclusion of the amendment in the party platform. Both spoke for it publicly.

Meanwhile central authorities of the Roman Catholic Church in America had decided against the amendment, and resolutions of opposition were broadcast all over the country. About a month before election, Cardinal O'Connell issued a letter to all members of the clergy in his diocese, asking that two women delegates from each parish be appointed to attend a mass meeting at Notre Dame Academy on the afternoon of October 5. And on the front page of "The Pilot" of Boston, Saturday, October 4, 1924, appeared the following:

OFFICIAL

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE
25 GRANBY STREET
BOSTON

Reverend dear Father:

I would request that you select two of your women parishioners to represent your Parish at a meeting which will take place at the Notre Dame Academy, in the Fenway, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, October 5th, at three o'clock.

I would recommend that you bring to the attention of your parishioners at all the Masses on Sunday, October 5th, the dangers hidden in the proposed Child Labor Amendment and the necessity of their registering during the week and of their voting on election day to protect the interests of their children.

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL
Archbishop of Boston

October 1, 1924

The meeting at Notre Dame was attended by some 600 Catholic women, who were addressed by Right Reverend M. J. Splaine, D.D., Right Reverend A. F. Roche, LL.D., and Mrs. Francis E. Slattery, president of the League of Catholic Women. All the

speakers outlined the objectionable features of the amendment and urged its defeat.

That same day the amendment was denounced from practically every Catholic pulpit in the diocese, including that at Holy Cross Cathedral, where the Cardinal presided at solemn high mass.

The following week saw some highly diverting right-about-face manoeuvres by Roman Catholic politicians, the most spectacular being that of the Mayor of Boston. Having in mind his previous support of the measure, and the nearness of the election at which his candidacy for governor would be decided, Mayor Curley spoke over the radio and sent a statement to the press, denouncing the amendment in no uncertain terms. He made no explanation for his abrupt change of heart, but stated that he wanted his position to be "absolutely clear."

"The Boston Herald", although also opposed to the amendment, could not refrain from commenting editorially on the weather-vane tactics of the two leaders, under the caption, "Embarrassing Position for Curley and Walsh".

"They have been persistent and insistent advocates of it at all times and places," ran the editorial, "and have berated its Republican opponents in unmerciful terms."

While Senator Walsh made no public repudiation of his former position, he stopped speaking for the amendment. It was defeated in Massachusetts, where it was submitted to popular referendum, by an overwhelming majority.

No survey of the power of Catholicism in that State would be adequate without mention of the Pelletier case. As the chief figure in the affair has since died, after public exposure and disgrace, this statement will be confined solely to matters of public record. The case does not bear on legislation, but on an effort to defeat justice in the courts.

Charges of malfeasance in office, on thirty-two counts, were brought against Joseph C. Pelletier, district attorney of Suffolk County, a Democrat, a Roman Catholic, and Supreme Advocate of the Knights of Columbus. Conspiracy to extort money through threats of prosecution for crime was the principal charge. Similar accusations were brought against Nathan A. Tufts, district attorney of Middlesex County, a Protestant and Republican. Prosecution was by Attorney General J. Weston Allen, also a Protestant and Republican.

Tufts was tried first, convicted, removed from office, and disbarred. The case was then prosecuted against Pelletier. Trial was before the full bench of the Supreme Court, five justices sitting, two of them Roman Catholics, and one a Knight of Columbus. The hearings were sensational, lasting for weeks. Pelletier was defended by United States Senator James A. Reed. Reed did not put his client on the stand. Not a word of evidence in defense was offered. The respondent was found guilty in eleven counts, and he also was removed and disbarred. Conviction was unanimous.

Upon removal of the accused from office, a hue and cry of "religious persecution" was raised, and the local Knights of Columbus, in an attempt to discredit the Supreme Court, adopted the stand that their fellow-member had not had a fair trial. As he was Supreme Advocate of the order, his disbarment in both State and Federal courts automatically ended his usefulness, and chapters in several other localities petitioned to have him removed. Their efforts were without success. The incumbent was publicly defended by Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty, remained in office for several months after his removal as district attorney, and eventually resigned.

Through concerted action by Catholics, he received two public tributes which were loudly acclaimed as "vindications". Efforts by a minority of his own faith to have him repudiated at the Knights of Columbus convention in Atlantic City failed, and he was tendered a "victory dinner", with a triumphal escort, in New York City. He ran again for district attorney of Suffolk County after his removal and disbarment, and although defeated, polled more than 76,000 votes, running only about 22,000 behind his successful adversary. His nomination, indeed, had been by an overwhelming plurality. "One of the most amazing personal triumphs ever recorded in Boston," was the comment of a local paper.

His candidacy for the office from which he had been ousted prompted the Legislature to amend the statute governing the office of district attorney. A clause was inserted, and adopted, providing that the holder of that position must be a member of the bar, in good standing. If elected, Pelletier planned to fight the constitutionality of that measure.

The case precipitated such a furor in the Knights of Columbus

as threatened at one time to disrupt their convention. One hundred Catholics of Boston, men of unchallengeable integrity, ranking high in civic life, prepared a letter setting forth the facts, and repudiating the former official as a representative Catholic and Knight. This letter was sent by a delegation to Atlantic City, and was placed in the hands of authorities at the convention. Efforts to have it read on the floor were futile. High officials of the order bragged that it "received no attention whatever."

The ouster proceedings, although involving criminal charges, were civil, and criminal prosecution had to be a separate action. All attempts to indict Pelletier failed. A special grand jury was summoned, consisting of both Catholics and Protestants, headed by a Roman Catholic foreman. During the deliberations, the grand jury suddenly bolted from the room and stormed into Superior Court, where the Pelletier faction went before Judge Elias Bishop and demanded to have its findings recorded. Judge Bishop vainly endeavored to prevent the insurgents from illegally making public what had taken place in the jury room. Over his protests the following facts were disclosed:

A majority of the grand jurors, the strong Pelletier faction, had voted "no bill" against the accused, thus dismissing the eleven cases in which he was found guilty by the highest tribunal in the State, as insufficient evidence to warrant trial. The minority, charging that the Pelletier faction refused to listen to the testimony, protested against exculpation in the face of such overwhelming evidence, and asked that the grand jury be dismissed without any record of a finding. The Attorney General summarily dismissed the jury, with the result that the insurgents, in a white heat of rage, proclaimed the facts, in defiance of law and of court order.

These are but examples of the difficulty encountered in Massachusetts by those who would administer public affairs without sectarian interference of prejudice. There are two levels of activity, one overt, the other below the surface. The fact that no newspaper will touch upon sectarian matters (except differences between the Protestant sects, on which they make merry without any noticeable reticence!) fosters the *status quo* of misunderstanding and rancor.

Not a daily paper in Cardinal O'Connell's diocese will use the

terms "Catholic" and "Protestant" in juxtaposition. If an unsuccessful "mixed marriage" gets into the spotlight, vague reference is made to "a difference in religion". This refusal to emphasize differences is desirable in so far as it avoids contention, but when misunderstandings in public affairs cry for clarification, it is mischievous.

Underneath all the turmoil lies the inexorable fact that certain principles of Catholicism and the fundamental principles of Americanism are irreconcilable. Other elements which have entered into our civilization have conformed to its standards. Some of those elements have surrendered age-old traditions. Take our friends, the Jews, whose Sabbath observance conflicted with that of their adopted country. While retaining their faith, they have gradually adopted the American custom of Sunday observance; and even the orthodox who hold fast to the Saturday Sabbath comply with the law that Sunday shall be observed as a day of respite from business.

In the clash between American institutions and the Roman Hierarchy compliance has been chiefly on the part of the former. The point seems approaching beyond which further surrender on the part of those institutions would be suicide. Will they survive?

The Roman Catholic point of view will be expressed in future articles

THE WASHINGTON SOVIETS

DONALD WILHELM

TO capitalistic America the very word soviet is anathema. It conjures up a vision of red Russia, of Bolshevism, communism. We have consistently refused to recognize soviet Russia, and yet it is not in Russia, but here in America that the soviet idea is to be found flourishing as nowhere else in the world to-day. Gradually, imperceptibly, created and nurtured by the very classes who most denounce and dread Russia, the soviet has been made an integral, — a dominant, — part of our political machinery.

THERE you have the disturbing title to a terrifying idea. Never did a paradox cry so pitiably to be composed. For of all ideas, the soviet idea is anathema to us Americans; worse than any nightmare is the mere suspicion that there are soviets in Washington. And yet, there they are, occupying more floor space and with a larger personnel than our Congressmen and Senators combined. Even more startling is the simple fact that it is our big business men, our Rotarians, our Kiwanees, our Christian reformers, our most articulate patriots and our self-appointed social guardians, — those conservative folk who rail vehemently against the soviet idea, — who are most zealously at work giving strength and vigor and respectability to the sovietization of the United States.

The soviet idea, — once you divest it of its slap-stick, cuss-word quality and reduce it to a definition to be found in elemental text-books, — implies, simply, political representation, not by geographical districts or divisions, but by professional, vocational, social, or other groups.

The soviet is neither historically a new idea, nor is it intrinsically vicious. In the Middle Ages local government in many European areas was conducted rather interestingly and meritoriously by vocational and other similar groups called guilds. But to-day the soviet idea is inseparably linked in the western mind with Bolshevik Russia. In that vast land of many races, all of them accustomed to tyranny, in which the ultimate strength rests in a peasantry ninety per cent illiterate and freed from serfdom only two years before our Negroes, an organized minority seized upon the guild idea and perverted it to its special uses. This Bolshevik minority, composed mostly of Jews, theretofore subjugated and oppressed as no people ever has been, made a

mess of the idea, — a decided mess familiar to the writer, who spent four months traveling eight thousand miles in that land of ubiquitous tension and supreme cynicism. The Bolsheviks have made the soviet idea carry to our minds the incubus of outrage and destruction to the standards and institutions we believe in and reverence. We have denounced them; we have raved and ranted against their propaganda; we have erected the barriers of censorship against the insidious inroads of their poisonous ideas; we have praised our government for its refusal to recognize or hold diplomatic intercourse with their government; we have solemnly thanked God for our institutions, and for our intelligence in preserving them untainted, and then, — oh, amazing paradox, — we have gone quietly, relentlessly ahead and incorporated the soviet idea into the very fibre of our government!

Face to face with sovietism in Russia, the very classes who have most denounced it are diligently but blindly at work creating soviets in America. Dreading a mere name rather than the idea for which it is merely the outward symbol, these classes refuse to see the obvious goal of a political trend for which they are themselves responsible. The essential difference between our system of government and a soviet government lies in the nature of the parliamentary representation. With us legal representation is geographical, — the Senators represent their respective States, the members of the House, their congressional districts. In a soviet government representation is by vocational groups, — the professions, the trades, religious sects, social organizations, business corporations.

In theory we would indignantly resent the idea that our Senators and Representatives of the Sovereign States and people were at the beck and call of any but those for whom they stood as legal spokesmen. And yet we have organized widely, and with astonishing thoroughness, to put pressures upon our members of Congress which make them the virtual slaves, not of their respective constituencies but of groups vastly greater in power. These pressures account largely for the steady diminishment of popular respect accorded our legislators. They account largely for our superfluity of laws and for the phenomenon of passive resistance to tyranny in a land of freemen. They account largely for the affliction of Big Government.

These pressures are social, economic, vocational, and religious. When we talk about them at all, we call them lobbies, because they exercise their pressure through paid lobbyists. It would be more honest to call them soviets, — for such, in truth, they are.

There is the Labor Soviet: the American Federation of Labor officially boasts that in many years Congress has not passed any legislation directly inimical to organized wage earners, and has, on at least one occasion, — the Adamson Law, — passed legislation that many Congressmen and Senators would have opposed had they been free agents.

Then there are the Big Business Soviets: virtually every business man in the United States bears allegiance to organized groups always on duty in Washington, and in State capitals as well. To-day these organized business groups occupy more office space in Washington than do our legislators themselves. There are too, the Women's Soviets, for our zealous womanhood is everlastingly on the job. There are more than two million women organized, able, eager, and determined to unfurl their banners and march on Capitol Hill whenever their highly skilful emissaries fail to have their way. "Women have made lobbying respectable," Mrs. Maude Wood Park, the head of the National League of Women Voters, announced in a statement issued on her retirement. And when the incoming president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs took office last year, in an official pronouncement in the September issue of "The Woman's Home Companion" she said that the Sheppard-Towner Act is the best answer to what women can do. "Congressmen who wanted to defeat it," she added, "hesitated before the demands of two million federated women."

But these soviets are only a few of the many that flourish in Washington and at forty-eight State capitals. During the last quarter century, in which the great transformation and enlargement of our government has taken place, the farmer folk, our most conservative folk, have learned how to bring organized pressure on Congress. Since the World War they have organized themselves pretty stanchly under highly skilled and highly articulate leaders in Washington. The Farm Bloc is the Farmers' Soviet.

Our educators too are organized in a highly potent and effective group. Our engineers have their Engineering Council with Washington offices and leaders. There are dozens upon dozens of

trade associations, — an interesting problem and evolution in themselves. There are societies, out to get this or that politically. There are institutes, like the Petroleum Institute and the Iron and Steel Institute. There are alliances, such as the Lord's Day Alliance, and leagues, — leagues for peace, leagues to reform this or that, — the most notorious example being, of course, the Anti-Saloon League! One falters, one's typewriter sticks, when one tries to give expression to the evangelical, marching-through-Georgia hallelujah God-save-us spirit of this organization which perhaps more than any other has succeeded in imposing its will upon the Government. Its offices and minions are everywhere. It is fanatical and powerful. It is feared. It will rejoice to know that only the other day a United States Senator disgustedly tossed over his desk a letter from it, — a regal command saying in effect: If you know what is good for you, you will do thus and so, and be on hand at this scheduled conference to report thus and so!

"Senator," I suggested, "why don't you wire them to go hang!"

He shook his head sadly.

And in that he reminded me of the remark of Congressman Esch, when the Esch-Cummins railroad bill was to the fore: "You can't ignore these groups. Yesterday into my office came three men. They explained that they represented the owners of twenty billion dollars' worth of railroad securities! Twenty billions!"

"But of course, Congressman," I suggested, "you couldn't bother to hear just three plain citizens without spats or portfolios? Just plain citizens interested in their government!"

"Of course not," he answered. "We can't hear everybody!"

Thus you catch a glimpse of the Washington Soviets at work.

Their existence, without question, operates to disfranchise the individual citizen so unfortunate as to be unrepresented by any one of them. He votes his wishes in government indirectly, once in every two years; they express their wishes continuously. If he takes it upon himself to appear before a committee of Congress, as likely as not there will be no one to hear him; let him appear wearing spats, swinging a cane, bearing an auspicious portfolio and credentials, saying that he is the agent of two million wage earners, two million women, two or more million farmers, or so

many million dollars of capital, — then and only then will he be heard.

There are times when one lobbyist will represent not one but six or eight powerful groups. In Washington there is a luncheon club where the executive secretaries of a dozen or so powerful groups systematically confer. And one of these secretaries is on record as saying that he would rather have the support, anent any legislation, of five or six of his associates than have behind him the support of as many States.

These soviets, moreover, though varied in kind, employ more or less the same technique. For this purpose they maintain paid publicity agents. The National Press Club in Washington has a membership of one thousand newspaper men. Yet, there are times when there are more press agents than journalists in the city.

All the soviets use lobbyists. A Congressman estimated recently that these lobbyists outnumbered the members of the House and Senate by six to one. Think of it! Six pressure exerters to every harassed representative of the sovereign States and people!

There may be some who deem lobbying respectable, yet the most profound student and admiring friend of our American institutions, the late James Bryce, remarked that "lobbying is so disagreeable and humiliating that all men shrink from it except those who are stimulated by direct personal interest, and these soon throw away all scruples. The most dangerous are ex-members of Congress who know how things are to be managed." There is an ex-member who retired from Congress and a goodly array of important committees some years back. A good, that is a successful, politician, a small-town lawyer, he, himself, admitted that as a lame-duck he had on one occasion earned a fee larger than all his small-town fees put together by conniving to have a certain rider successfully attached to a certain bill. He, himself, he said, wrote the rider.

There are more lobbyists in Washington to-day than at any time since the war, when President Wilson, it will be remembered, undertook to clear the temple of them. Some of them admit they are lobbyists, and give one the desired information if one respectfully inquires of them, "What's *your* scheme?" Others are the

executives or secretaries of organized groups with headquarters or outposts in Washington. Many belong to an ingenious breed of lawyers who are by no means qualified to practise before the Supreme Court, not a few of whom were initially sent to Washington as Congressmen or Senators.

It is a tragic commentary on the state of the nation that there are so many lawyers indigenous to Washington. There are many more than in any other American city of the same population. There are more than eighteen hundred lawyers resident in Washington, and not a few more are regular visitors. There are nearly twice as many resident lawyers in Washington as there are in Pittsburgh, which is much larger; a third more as there are in Detroit, which is twice as large; a third more than there are in Cleveland, which trails Detroit; not many less than there are in Philadelphia, our third largest city. Some are patent lawyers. A few practise before the Court of Claims. A majority of them have some connection, either temporary or permanent, with the Washington soviets.

One is reminded of the picture suggested by Will Rogers. He went to the Union Station at dawn one morning, he relates, to see the lawyers of Messrs. Sinclair and Doheny unload. There were two Pullman carloads of them. The next morning the Government's *two* oil attorneys arrived "on a local, in a coach where they had been sleeping on their necks all the way from Cheyenne. No wonder," he concludes, "Uncle Sam sometimes loses out!"

To the average American citizen, equipped only with a theoretical knowledge of his government, the practical process by which he is ruled (I will not subscribe to the fiction that he rules) seems cryptic and mysterious. But the Washington Soviets account for many of the invisible phases of influence and action that bewilder the uninformed citizen. They account, too, for the otherwise unaccountable things that Congress does or leaves undone: for the multiplicity of new laws, for the failure to repeal old laws whose usefulness has passed. It is the ceaseless and increasing pressure of the soviets that is ever making Big Government, bigger. Whenever we want anything done passionately or urgently enough, we organize a soviet and put it over. Pressure here, pressure there, pressure everywhere, — government in the legislative branch becomes a mere yielding to extra-legal powers. Laws that answer to

the demands, not of a majority, but of a highly organized minority, are passed, and the burden of their enforcement added to the already too great load of the executive. Legal eccentricities and peculiarities are perpetuated. No thought is taken of the cost or the feasibility of enforcement. (Prohibition is, of course, the classic example.) Under such a system of legislation no ordered plan, no national point of view, no coördination, is possible. The chaos of a government strained to the breaking point flows out and over the land.

The soviet pressures, likewise, account for the strange uniformity in the platforms of the two major parties. Long before the conventions gather, pressures are at work upon the party leaders by use of much the same technique as that employed in Washington. It is probably because the average citizen has half-consciously sensed his individual impotence that less than sixty per cent of us take the trouble to cast our votes.

It is plausible to argue, however, that if the sovietization of our government has taken place, then it is because such an evolution answers to some deep-seated need of the nation. And it must be pointed out that there are great aggregations of business men whose organizations go so far beyond the mere exercise of political pressure that they have better warrant for a place in the sun than others whose sole function is to operate as pressures.

These associations are of great variety and scope. They have come to be because it has become recognized that there are many things, economic in nature, which can be achieved solely, or better, by groups than by individuals. They are like the old-time guilds, at work on a national instead of on a local scale. They resemble, in some cases, the boards of trade that are more or less directly related and responsible to European governments and have a visible, not invisible, function to perform; thus such boards of trade have long had a definite and constructive part to play in the development of the British Empire. Yet here in the United States, where they were looked upon with suspicion before the war and are still suspected in some quarters, their development bears analogy to the development of the trusts.

When the war came our Government, through the Council of National Defense, its War Industries Board, War Trade Board, Food Administration, and other units, found it impossi-

ble to deal with thousands of scattered business men and officially asked all groups to organize into associations or similar bodies. Thus the war turned a corner. Associations found their place in Washington. Indeed there are Federal officials who insist that associations, in a sense, won the war; that the Council of National Defense was, itself, a kind of association not very much more an integrated part of our Government than the Chamber of Commerce of the United States now is. And certainly, since the war, many associations have earned additional plaudits for service rendered. Our automobile industry, the "friendly industry", now our biggest industry, could not have prospered so well save for coöperative helpfulness more extensive than its members themselves quite dare to reveal, since there are those in public life who smell corruption in all coöperative effort between business men presumably in competition. Some vitally important scientific developments are due to coöperative effort, and, without question, the amazing service that the Department of Commerce now renders to our business public is largely due to Secretary Hoover's willingness to work with associations outside of the twilight zone.

But it may seem that I am holding a brief for the Business Soviet, as distinct from all others. Not at all.

In so far as associations operate as soviets, that is, to exercise pressure on Congressmen, Senators, and other public men; in so far as they connive to disrupt or to discount the orderly processes by which our citizenry select their representatives to act as duly accredited free agents, they are like the other category of pressures, — those which aim at nothing save the redemption of America as they see redemption. Conversely, in so far as they are able and willing to accept responsibility, to lend a helping hand to our Government when, *and only when*, they are asked to do so, their participation in national affairs would seem to be in order in the halcyon days of peace as well as the fervent days of war.

The immediate issue turns, thus, on actualities, and, presumably, unless our scheme of government is a delusion, our citizenry and our legislators are competent to judge of those actualities.

With the industrialization of this nation we have crystallized and thrown up to the surface vast numbers of new fractional interests or groups which are by no means geographical. On oc-

casion, over long periods, we have fought to establish machinery to break down the power of these fractions or groups; thus, in the thirty-five years since the passing of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law in 1890, we have passed more legislation regulative of commerce and industry than has been passed for the same purpose in England in two centuries. Yet now we find that the strength of these fractions is so great that we have not been able to break them down; on the contrary, in some instances Congress has, under pressure, given some of these groups immunity in various directions. Thus, at least and to that extent, we have fought a long and losing battle between our old-time concept of government and a new concept; and it may well be that during the next hundred years we will fight the battle between government by more or less invisible groups or soviets on one hand, and government by traditional universal franchise on the other hand.

It is probable that we are now, at the very time when so much "respectable" support is given the soviet idea in America, already in the throes of this battle. To it, if we but think the question through, is due the excessive size and reach of our Government. To it are due a great many sources of restlessness and disquietude. To it is due our progressive impulse to belittle and to badger Congress, whose Senate, not far back, was the most esteemed legislative body in the world.

What the end will be only the historian will tell.

But meanwhile let us be honest with ourselves and with the world, let us admit that it is here in capitalistic America, and not in Bolshevik Russia, that the soviet idea has reached its highest development in modern times. Let us take what good there is in the idea and make it a legal part of the government, and let us have done with the evil part of it, and with the hypocrisy that gives it life. And finally if there be anyone who can cite a sound argument to prove that the soviet pressures, as they exist in Washington, are good and proper political instruments for a free people, then let him have a monument higher than Washington's or, more appropriately, a statue upon the Kremlin Wall.

THE "IROQUOIS"

FRANK P. DAY

Pen drawings by Robert P. Tristram Coffin

IT will be seven years, on November 11, since the guns boomed for the last time on the Western Front. A Canadian officer returns to France, to the village where he was billeted. He writes his impressions of the then *and the* now, *tracing the inevitable contrasts; he visits the graves of his fallen comrades; and in simple language relates the adventures of "The Iroquois", a crowd of good fellows banded together to stave off boredom. He draws a picture of the human side of the Great War.*

THE village was the same, yet not the same. It was as if some magic hand had touched it. There was as of old the main street, the *estaminet*, the church, the village square, but the once broken street, where lorries bumped and drivers cursed, was neatly paved; the windowless *estaminet* was restored and tricked out in red and green; the shattered church, firm on a new foundation, reared a shapely spire; the village square, our old parade ground, swept and refurbished, had a fountain playing in its centre. Little houses, once so silent and

pathetic, were full of life; children raced over the cobbles, old men sat before the doors in the sunshine; peasant women in bright colored shawls bartered for their produce in shrill voices. Trees embowered the village as of old, but trailing branches had been clipped, scars had been covered, and those shattered beyond hope cut down.

It was with difficulty that I found the alley leading to the place I sought. It was well beyond the church, I knew. At last I found the house and stared in frank surprise; it too had been touched by magic! No longer a gaping hole in the roof rudely patched with boards and canvas, no longer the chimney awry, nor the ragged marks of shrapnel in the wall. Instead, all was neat and trim, the roof mended, the chimney set straight, the wall restuccoed, barns and outhouses rewattled and plastered with fresh mud. About the steaming manure pile in the middle of the court was a newly paved walk of flagstones with a row of bright colored asters on its margin. Honeysuckles and a rambler trailed about the kitchen door.

Two children playing in the yard started as I opened the gate and, in alarm at a strange man, ran into the house. I knocked at the door, and with a moment's delay *Madame* Deschamps opened it. "*Bonjour, Monsieur.*" She looked at me with unknowing eyes. There she was before me, pretty, neatly dressed, fresh faced, full of strength and vigor, with big straightforward eyes. All else had changed, she only had remained the same. I was frankly disappointed that she did not know me. True, six years had passed, and I was in mufti, and my hair had gone gray. For a few seconds we stood in silence.

"What do you desire, *Monsieur?*"

"*Madame* Deschamps," I replied, "I am one of the Iroquois," and I gave the "Cry of Joy".

Then a new light began to dawn in her eyes, her thoughts ran back into the past, memory sought for old things, and recognition flashed across her face. Her eyes sparkled.

"*Monsieur* the Major," she cried, holding out both her hands and stepping down beside me into the sunlit court.

"I cannot say how glad I am to see you again."

"Yve, Yvonne, come out," she shrilled. "Here is one of the Iroquois, here is the Major who stayed with us in the war." The children crept out of the house, clung to their mother's skirts and

looked up at me shyly. "You remember them, yes; they were little then."

"I remember them well."

"Pierre and Jean are asleep. You have not seen them; they are new since the war."

"And your husband?"

"He is well! Thanks to the good God, he came back safe and sound. He is in the field now; you must sit down and wait for his return."

"He was lucky to get back to you and the children."

"We were so happy that we could scarcely believe it for a little. But how have you been yourself, and where are the other Iroquois?" she said, her eyes brimming with laughter.

"Scattered far and wide."

"Yve and Yvonne know all about you. I must tell these rogues stories of the tribe every night before they sleep, they will hear no others. Isn't it true, dearie?" Yvonne nodded.

"We told you strange tales."

"Not true but, ah, so droll! Yvonne knows by heart the legend of the greedy frog who swallowed all the water in the world and kept the other animals dying of thirst, until the funny eel made him burst with laughter by standing on the tip of his tail. That was droll indeed!"

"I hope you haven't forgotten, Yvonne, that the animals made the eel chief when they were thirsty but turned him out and elected the brown bear after the flood." Yvonne hung her pretty head and made no reply.

"She has not forgotten, she knows it all word for word. You must tell me of our friends. Where is Monsieur the tall Colonel?"

"Dead, before Arras, *Madame*."

"Dead, poor dear man! He had a wife at home."

"A wife and children."

She stood a moment in silence reflecting.

"And Ivan, the handsome major with the flashing teeth?"

"Dead too, *Madame*, killed by a sniper from Chaulnes Wood before Amiens."

Then her eyes burned, her bosom heaved, and stamping her foot upon the flagstones, she shook her fist, crying: "Hateful war,

The main street of the village of Fosseux

hateful war, you have destroyed half of the happiness in the world and brought nothing good."

"You must be thankful that your man came back. How prosperous you look!"

"Truly, I have much to thank the good God for! My man was not spoiled by the war. He is good and industrious. He works from morning to night and does so much to make us comfortable."

"So you are quite happy again."

"Happy as one can be, with so many old friends gone. Ah, *Monsieur*, my heart is sore for the tall Colonel and Major Ivan. They were so fond of life; they lived so well; they were so kind. You remember they promised to come back and hold a pow-wow, — they called it, — of the Iroquois here after the war. It is sad that such gallant men are gone."

The infant within the house began to cry.

"I must go to little Jean. It is time to feed him. Sit down on the bench, — you may come in if you will, but it is pleasanter here in the sunshine. I will bring you coffee and wine. You must wait and see my man. I have told him of you all so often. He will return in a little."

I sat on the bench by the doorway drinking my coffee from a tall glass, while *Madame* Deschamps busied herself with household duties, stopping sometimes to fling a question at me. My conversation with her, the look of house and village, recalled vividly from the past many things half dimmed by time. I saw again my free-hearted comrades striding about the streets, and heard their jest and laughter. I lived over my most pleasant memory of the war.

* * *

The night of *Madame* Deschamps' initiation had been the great night for the Iroquois; the culmination of many nights of light-hearted gaiety. How well I remembered everything that had led up to it! In March, 1917, came orders relieving us from the line, after a long period of trench fighting in a bad sector under appalling weather conditions. There was great joy in the battalion, though no one was foolish enough to really believe the good news until the actual event took place. One could never be sure in war-time. The 2nd had had one bitter disappointment,

over a proposed relief by the 74th Division. But the relief really did come, and as the strange platoons filed in to take the places of ours, we danced, threw our arms about the necks of others, and whooped like schoolboys at the beginning of the long vacation. We were going to a rest billet! Then came the long tramp through slush and mud. Wearily over the pavement went the swaying platoons through darkness and rain. As day broke many would have straggled or fallen by the roadside had it not been for the promise of warmth and rest ahead.

At last we reached our rest billet, Fosseux, and found it but a sorry, half shattered place. Still there were roofs on some of the houses, and barns and stables were stuffed with dry hay and straw. Into these the men crept to sleep as only weary soldiers can. Some of the inhabitants remained in the village. Wetmore and I were billeted with an old woman, who lived with an aged brother in a house below the church. O'Donahue and Ivan, lucky dogs, were lodged with *Madame* Deschamps; they always got the best and deserved it, too.

O'Donahue the colonel was a tall man. Six foot six he measured in his stockings, and his leg from knee to ankle the longest I have ever seen. He stooped slightly, and his uniform hung loosely on his angular frame. He was neither smart in dress nor handsome of countenance, for his big nose, bent slightly to one side, gave him a comical expression. Still he was a man you would always look at twice; first, because of his height, and second, because of his twinkling blue eyes and smile that won all men to him. His name, his ready wit, his voice soft and musical even when giving the most severe order, told that he came of Irish stock. From the sergeant major to the latest recruit everyone believed in him and loved him. I myself had seen him remake the unit and establish its *esprit de corps*. When he came to us as the successor of the fussy old Bowser who had been cashiered for incompetence, he had wandered about for two or three days watching, observing, smiling all the time, though probably in deep disgust at our condition. One morning he called to the orderly room the subalterns and chief non-commissioned officers. "Gentlemen," he said, "I will begin at the beginning, I will give you a lesson in scrubbing." His orderly fetched him a bucket of warm water, a scrubbing brush, soap, and floor cloth. He knelt down and scrubbed a

square yard clean. "That is all now, gentlemen," he said as he dismissed them to their duties. That was his way, always forceful, gentle, and to the point. O'Donahue had social grace. His wit and ease made men group about him in the mess room. He was never alone, someone always sought his company. His merry laugh made others laugh, his choice stories were retailed by our subalterns to the subalterns of other battalions.

Ivan Ralston, senior major, worthy second to a great chief, was a splendid foil to O'Donahue for he was quiet by nature and could always listen with polite attention. He was a man of moderate height with a fine athletic figure and handsome face. The gleam of his white teeth as he smiled, the warm response of his gray eyes, gave one the feeling of spring sunshine. He radiated health and happiness. Vigor and simplicity from his country breeding were combined with ease of manner acquired from life in cities and association with men of affairs. Unlike the colonel, he always looked well in his well-cut, well-brushed, well-belted uniform. As the subalterns retailed O'Donahue's stories, so they imitated Ivan's dress. If one day he wore two shoulder straps on his Sam Brown, two shoulder straps at once became the style.

Wetmore, the adjutant, was a serious-minded fellow, abrupt and decisive as all adjutants should be. He never saw a joke quickly, — this was a source of great joy to O'Donahue, — but kept anxiously turning the story over in his mind, until the humor slowly dawned upon him. He had been wounded in the head at Courcelette and had only rejoined the regiment after a long convalescence. His face was deeply lined, his thin hair brushed straight back revealed a lofty forehead upon which always rested a troubled look. Those grueling days on the Somme had changed a light-hearted subaltern into a serious soldier, who understood

that without discipline all was lost. "Discipline and Duty" were his watchwords. He loved formal drill, spent nights with his books, elaborating new methods of dressing the battalion to the roll of drums or of posting guards and changing sentries.

As for myself I was less than all these, only a major commanding a company.

For the first day and night in Fosseux the men slept anywhere, but when on the second the Quartermaster gave out the assignments, we realized how shockingly bad were our billets. There was hardly a whole house in the place. The men were lodged in barns or Nissen huts of corrugated iron without any heat. The officers and non-commissioned officers were distributed among the deserted houses of the villagers. Fosseux had been the centre of two battles, and even during our stay it was punished daily by high velocity shells.

That March of 1917 was a March to be remembered! Days of whirling snow were succeeded by days of driving rain and biting wind. For a long time parades were impossible, since the streets were thick with mud and slush. Shell holes, filled to the brim with porridgy filth, trapped many a night wanderer. Sickness came upon us. The medical officer reported ten cases of pneumonia in one day. The men grumbled. "Call this a rest," they said scornfully. "Give us the line every time." Oh, it was a dreary rest period, hardly to be borne, made possible for me only by one spot of sunshine.

That spot was the room of O'Donahue and Ivan in *Madame* Deschamps' house. They were fond of her children and had won her heart at once. She gave them the best of everything she had. Their large room had a stove for which, — trust them, — they always managed to get coal and coke. Red curtains hung at the windows, and a great high bed occupied one corner. It was always cozy and inviting. When work was done and retreat sounded, it was a general meeting place for friendly souls. Outside the March wind was cold and blustery, snow pelted against the windows, winds whined about the eaves, thick slushy mud lay caked in the streets; within O'Donahue's room it was warm, the stove glowed, candles burned on the mantle, the kettle spouted its friendly steam, whiskey and glasses stood on the table. Around the stove sat O'Donahue, Ivan, Wetmore, two or three other

light-hearted officers, and myself. We laughed, sang, told stories, and forgot the drab of the life behind us and the reek of the trenches. Friendships formed in the face of the enemy, in tense moments when one lives many years, sudden contrasts of little pleasures with almost unendurable hardships; these are the joys of a soldier's life. About O'Donahue's stove we radiated friendship, we loved one another, and the tribe of the Iroquois evolved.

We transacted no business, and like all good societies we had no organization. Brass hats and our nosy little brigadier, we "straffed" with great regularity. O'Donahue was the grand chief, and from him we graded down in rank to minor chieftains; below that there was nothing, since all members of the Iroquois scorned to be simple braves. We invented fantastic legends of our forefathers, we smoked long pipes, and told of hunting monstrous bears and giant moose in dark forests and of the Loup Garou that runs at night. In the tense moments of these tales, a chief whooped suddenly and took a drink. We invented many cries peculiar to the tribe, but of these I remember only two, the "Cry of Joy" and the "Cry of Rage". The "Cry of Joy" ran up the scale ending in a shrill quaver; the "Cry of Rage" ran down to a note of gloomy bass. Whenever two Iroquois met by day or night, they gave the cry that represented their respective feelings. If one had been ridden by the brigadier for a dirty regimental guard or detailed for an extra working party he bellowed the "Cry of Rage". If he had secured an additional ration of coke or rum for his men or got word that his leave order was soon coming through, he trilled the "Cry of Joy". Through those dreary wet weeks, the childish pranks of the Iroquois saved us from despair.

One night as O'Donahue and I, arm in arm, were ploughing through the mud in the direction of his billet, *Madame* Deschamps came to the door to look up at the weather. She stood in the doorway, the yellow light of the kitchen behind her. We had grown very fond of her. Only a peasant woman, but such a woman as men might well endure the agony of the trenches for. She was self-reliant, always believing, always hoping, always busy about her simple duties. She gave, rather than received. We had begun to rely on her and look to her for comfort. When she recognized us in the dim light, she laughed and called out, in imitation of what she had often heard, the "Cry of Joy". That

gave O'Donahue an idea which he at once expressed. We must make *Madame* Deschamps one of the Iroquois.

"Would you like to join the Iroquois, *Madame?*"

"Go along with your nonsense, *Monsieur le Colonel.*"

"I really mean it, we'd like you to join."

"What is the Iroquois that you all talk and laugh so much about?"

"A mighty tribe beyond the seas," said O'Donahue, dropping into the rôle of big chief. "We are few in numbers now, but our tribe was once mighty. Our fathers owned all the forests and streams and great lakes."

Madame laughed. She knew not how much was jest and how much earnest.

"And what does your Iroquois do?"

"Ah much, much. Anyone is safe who is an Iroquois. We protect all of our tribesmen. We share rations and never steal rum or horses from one another. No, truly, *Madame*, we never steal rum from one another, and no man can say more than that."

Madame laughed gaily. "You are droll, *Monsieur le Colonel.*"

"Will you join and swear the oath of brotherhood?"

Madame reflected. "Yes," she said, "I will join."

"Do you think she can properly learn the cries?" he said to me.

"I know them now," and pouting her pretty lips and scowling fiercely she gave the "Cry of Rage".

That night the stage was set for the initiation. Each chieftain about the stove wore a single cock's feather in his cap. On a blanket-covered box upon the bed was the big chief smoking his longest pipe. His face he had smeared with red, brown, and black, three great feathers stood in his head-dress. Candles that dimly lit up the rafters were placed behind him. When all was ready and we had stifled our laughter, Ivan went into the kitchen, blindfolded *Madame* Deschamps, and led her in to stand before the tribal chief on his seat of judgment. She was so pretty and simple, half timid, half confident, that she was altogether charming. She did not know what it was all about, but she trusted us and entered into the spirit of the fun. I think she believed us at least half Indian.

O'Donahue then began his speech of the virtues and prowess of the tribe. In half French, half English, he waxed eloquent over

the lives of our tribal fathers. He told of solemn councils, of the war paths, of deeds of courage and endurance, of conflict with monsters, of the happy hunting ground. It was a fantastic epic. The sub-chiefs about the stove grunted approval and whooped when the narrative faltered.

Finally the blindfold was removed, and the little French woman burst into laughter at the sight of O'Donahue before her. He then solemnly administered the Iroquois pledges.

"Do you promise to share rations and drink with a brother Iroquois whenever you meet him?"

"Yes, *Monsieur*."

"To obey all the orders of the big chief?"

"Yes, *Monsieur*, as long as you are big chief."

"Do you promise to attend all pow-wows of the tribe whenever called and to scalp all Algonquins and Australians?"

"Yes, *Monsieur*, if I can."

"Do you promise to learn the cries of the tribe and to give the cry representing your feelings when you meet a tribesman?"

"Yes, *Monsieur*," adding naïvely, "it will always be the 'Cry of Joy'."

Ivan, the official instructor, then tested her in the cries, pronounced her perfect, and the big chief completed the initiation by sticking a great brown feather in her hair. He then informed her that the Iroquois had one peculiar custom unlike any other tribe. There were no entering dues; on the contrary each established Iroquois gave a gift to the new tribesman. *Madame* was seated in a chair, and we marched solemnly forward to proffer our gifts to her. They were simple things, a bottle of wine, a box of sweets, a piece of bacon, a bag of sugar, a dress for the little girl, a warm coat for the boy, and two little pairs of shoes.

When *Madame* saw the gifts for the children, she hid her face in her hands, burst into tears, and rushed from the room. The enemy had occupied the village earlier in the war.

Soon after this memorable meeting we got orders for departure. We said good-bye to *Madame* Deschamps and the children, gave the "Cry of Joy", and marched away. They stood in their doorway, till the last company had filed past. The Iroquois never met again. Three of the great Chieftains fell in the field.

* * *

I sat on the bench by the doorway, till a step upon the pavement broke my reverie. Ah, there was the smiling husband back from the fields.

"This is my husband, *Monsieur le Major*. Pierre, this is *Monsieur le Major* I have so often told you of, one of the chiefs of my Iroquois."

I talked for a few minutes to the smiling rosy-cheeked peasant, gave the children some gifts I had brought, and departed with many good-byes and promises to return.

Next day I took a car and drove to Amiens, and out to Drelincourt where we had been posted the night of the great battle of August 8. I left the car and following the sunken road, crossed many fields, till I found the spot in the corner of the wood where we had lain in our advanced position. A great expanse behind me that had been marked with a tracery of chalk lines from trenches, covered with stumps, stakes, and ragged barbed wire, was now waving with yellow grain. Far back was the hillside where the guns had stood hub to hub, before it the valley that had been full of tanks, strange monsters of some other world. I remembered vividly those few moments before four o'clock, the zero hour. As dawn began to break our men were in a state of great tension; one near me scribbled something on a dirty piece of paper, another picked at the frayed end of his equipment strap. The first shell that had detonated near us blew off the foot of poor Barnett, the doctor. A bad casualty, we would get no medical aid that day! Suddenly a thousand sparks began to twinkle like fireflies on the hillside. It was the barrage, it was zero hour! A second later we heard the rush and whirr of shells above our heads. Tanks rumbled forward, and we went with them. Eastward, eastward, with eyes upon the compass through mirk and smoke and fog and dust, scarcely seeing a comrade ten yards away. Eastward, eastward, every little group of men for itself. Eastward, eastward, till the

tanks flattened down the wire, and we fell upon the gray coats in trench and wheatfield.

I left the hill and pushed along the road towards the village of Marcelcave. The fields were all free from the litter of war. Gone were the guns, the tanks, the wire, the bodies of men and horses. I found the little hut before the village where we had captured an army post-office, and recalled our breakfast of the enemy's wine and cake. We had been in a mood of laughter and strange elation after our victory. We dared think nothing of the dead. Laughter ceased suddenly when in the midst of our breakfast came a runner with an order to advance again.

Beyond Marcelcave were the graves I had come to seek. Wetmore's I soon found, where he lay with seven men from the 25th and two Australians. Ivan's was a hundred yards along the road. He lay with the men of the 85th. O'Donahue's grave I had seen far to the northward. They were all well kept, enclosed, and carefully tended. After this lapse of time it seemed more than ever fitting that they should rest where they fell. They are beloved and remembered by all who knew them, not in the least by the simple peasant woman of Fosseux, who every evening gathers her children about her knees and tells them stories of the Iroquois, gallant gentlemen who for a little while dwelt with her.

CAN MORALS BE TAUGHT?

NO:

EDUCATION may show morality how to function more efficiently, says Mr. Arthur Corning White of Dartmouth, but it cannot create, it never has created, and it never will create, morality itself.

* * *

YES:

Says Mr. Charles Montague Bakewell of Yale, for to create moral values is the function of education, a process in which the chaos of emotions, appetites, and fears is reduced to order, in which a child becomes a person, that is, a moral being.

I—GOD AND THE THINGS OF CAESAR

ARTHUR CORNING WHITE

IN my halcyon Harvard days I enjoyed the privilege of sitting on a hard bench before an ancient, mutilated table in the stuffy classroom of Professor Irving Babbitt, soaking the garnered wisdom of this most erudite of American scholars.

One of the arresting observations Mr. Babbitt made then, and since has repeated in his remarkable book *Democracy and Leadership*, was that, in defiance of the explicit pronouncement of its Founder, Christian civilization has persistently confused the things of God with the things of Caesar, making a miserable muddle of the world. I shall not recapitulate his argument here, but I do wish to show how this pernicious tendency, especially in the United States, is working its most obvious and lamentable damages in the field of higher education. The social importance of this fact cannot be over-estimated, for our leaders, now more than ever before in history, are college trained women and men.

The symptoms of this malady which has stricken academic life may easily be observed in such catch phrases and educational slogans as "an aristocracy of brains", "education for leadership", "learning for the service of mankind". I have no quarrel with the first of these expressions provided it is taken to mean only mental superiority, nothing else. This is probably what it

does mean to the man who coined it. But by the world at large and even by most educators it has been taken to mean the same thing as the last two expressions, — that is, it is understood to imply a high moral standard, altruism. I protest against this humanitarian predilection for confusing the aims of learning, the things of Caesar, with the aims of social and political altruistic morality, the things of God.

The psychologists have shown the impossibility of educating for intelligence. Intelligence is something one has or has not naturally. The intelligence tests which are rapidly gaining favor are designed to determine, not what a man knows, but his capacity for knowing. The psychologists have achieved something here. The next step should be to demonstrate the futility of trying to educate for morality. For, according to the school of psychological thought most ably championed by Professor MacDougal at Harvard, moral instincts, like intelligence, are mainly inherent. Intelligence is a person's relatively fixed endowment. All higher education can do is to help him to use this endowment more efficiently. Any sane man must recognize the variations in capability evinced by different students given the same training. This variation is clearly due to differences in the natural capacity of the students themselves.

Now exactly the same situation is true for morality. Education may show morality how to function more efficiently. It cannot create, never has created, and never will create morality itself. Learning cannot create morals any more than it can create mind. By helping intelligence to function more expansively, education enlarges the scope of moral activity but has little influence on the direction of its trend, for the fundamental moral instincts, — such as the instinct for aggression, the acquisitive instinct, the altruistic instinct, — are inherent. They are somewhat influenced by early environment, but they are pretty thoroughly established when a student reaches college age. If they are to be much influenced, they must be worked on in childhood in the home. Ruskin, the dilettante, dissipated a fortune to help the poor. Jesus, the carpenter, gave His life for the same purpose. The cultured Caesar Borgia plundered the rich. Moral tendencies are individual, instinctive, and, early childhood excepted, practically independent of environment.

But deluded, sentimental sociologists attribute the crimes of the proletariat to environment. Then with sublime inconsistency they charge the sins of the rich to the possession of property and easy living! Because the hod-carrier lives in a poor neighborhood and has little, he robs the till in the corner grocery store. Because the capitalist lives in a palace and has much, he robs the public domain of a billion gallons of oil. What unmitigated nonsense!

Anybody whose experience of life has included contacts with all classes of people knows that no one class is morally superior to any other class. He knows that environment has scant influence on the nature of the fundamental moral instincts, such as selfishness or altruism. Only in the *details* of moral expression, in the *details* of conduct, is environment of much consequence. Environment determines the scope of moral action. The rapacious hod-carrier has to operate within a smaller sphere than does the rapacious man of wealth. The compassionate, indigent widow gives the hobo a plate of thin soup. The compassionate, affluent philanthropist builds and endows a hobo hotel.

Now this being the actual status of human relationships, higher education, which is only a kind of environment assumed to be favorable for the inculcation of learning, though it influences the degree of moral expression, in no wise has any appreciable bearing on the character of the moral impulse that prompted the expression. In a university a naturally selfish student learns how better to use his inherent intelligence for the furtherance of his designs against society or the state. In a university a naturally altruistic student learns how better to use his inherent intelligence for the furtherance of his noble hopes for society. Higher education helps both men to operate in a larger sphere. But in no sense does education determine or influence the *purpose* of their activities.

Directly, therefore, higher education is of no moral value to society. Its only value, directly, is for the individual. Indirectly, to be sure, the individual by achieving his own aims may benefit other people. In this sense higher education is socially beneficent. But the point I wish to stress is that education is impotent as an influence upon the character of motives.

In these days of multiplied, competing colleges, when so many more people than heretofore are being exposed to the environ-

ment of the higher learning, this gross illusion that education exists to mold leaders for the service of society, for the service of the state, has secured almost universal credence. It is cheaply optimistic. It appeals to the masses. The colleges thrive on it. At least they thrive on it in the sense that it creates more and better paid educational jobs, bigger buildings, more expensive athletic fields. Battening on it, the colleges collect funds to perpetrate the higher learning on an ever increasing number of people naturally unfitted for it. So the state will presently be administered by an aristocracy of brains, by leaders trained in the colleges. Thus all will soon be well with society. But of what use to society is an aristocracy of brains if in the aristocracy the proportion of selfish people is as great as ever? The dissolution of the city states of ancient Greece suggests an answer.

My main objection to this advertising of education as a panacea for our social ills is that the colleges are forced to appear to be delivering the goods, to be delivering what, in the opinion of any competent mind, is not a genuine article but a fake, and that in this effort to so appear, the colleges actually sometimes, alas too often, *do* deliver a fake. The higher education is administered circumspectly by spoonfuls, the professorial fingers ever on the social, — the state pulse. Instead of teaching truth which can really be utilized by the student, either for good or evil to his fellow men, we try to teach something labeled truth, the conventionalized ethics of the stupidly conservative majority, which we assume can be utilized by society, by the state, but which, not being strictly true, is of no tangible good to anyone. For the only kind of truth which practically can be used is truth which is true.

The college or university should not concern itself with striving to perpetuate prohibition, or private capital, or a convention like pre-marital chastity. An academic faculty should stimulate its students, not to conformity, but to investigation. Uncritical conformity in a powerful man is socially deleterious. It makes him dogmatic and bigoted. But investigation makes him sympathetic and tolerant. An uncritical capitalist and an uncritical socialist are, in my opinion, both menaces to political health. Yet we have colleges which aim to turn out either one or the other of these types exclusively. An uncritical celibate is as dangerous a

social leader as an uncritical libertine. But many of our colleges take as one of their major obligations the turning out of uncritical celibates. Dartmouth, thank God, does not have a locked bookshelf in its library! But many colleges do. They hide away the books of Mr. Havelock Ellis and fatuously try to scare their students into moral conformity with grossly exaggerated illustrated lectures on the horror of a syphilitic brain.

The noble function of higher education is not directly to minister to an organized society, nor to maintain any particular, temporary status of economics, or politics, or morality. The function of higher education is to liberate the individual soul. The true service of the college is strictly intellectual. The higher education should aim only to enhance the natural endowment of individuals by helping that endowment to exercise in a larger sphere. Whether this exercise is socially or politically salutary is outside, in the very nature of things *must* be outside, the province of academic policy.

Higher education should concern itself only with the things of Caesar. I do not mean truth taken on the uncritical acceptance of antique authority, but truth newly discovered, or old truth newly verified. Higher education should disabuse its students of their rationalized prejudices and stimulate them to face life courageously, to search personally for solutions to the riddles of the world. This is all. And, for the colleges and universities, this should be enough.

For the regulation of human conduct is not an academic problem. Rather, it is the primary function of the social organization itself, — the main business, sole excuse, and only hope of the state. Higher education may help here indirectly by liberating the sympathies of men through stimulating them to investigation, by imbuing them with a passion for truth. This, as I say, is merely incidental. For the direct service of society is a thing, not of Caesar, but of God.

II — MODERN PREDESTINARIANISM

Charles Montague Bakewell

IN supporting the position that morals can be taught let me say at once that I am not in the least interested in any attempt to perpetuate a given set of conventions uncritically assumed by any group, however large, to be the measure of right conduct. Some conventions, no doubt, embody the teaching of past experience, and their acceptance simplifies life by clearing the decks for the better consideration of matters more clearly open to dispute. Others are mere deposits of ignorance and prejudice. But at best conventional behavior is mere respectability, a very different thing from morality. Was there ever a prophet who came to proclaim the higher law who did not have to begin by attacking the worshipers of convention, who did not often find the root of the matter present in publicans and sinners and lacking in the Scribes and Pharisees and other pillars of respectability?

Furthermore, I have no patience with any attempt to commit the higher institutions of learning to the teaching of a particular practise, supposed by some donor to be moral, or to the perpetuation of any economic doctrine, or of the tenets of any religious sect, or to the prohibition of the teaching of any theory, evolution or other. The work of the higher institutions of learning must be entirely unfettered; the present must not presume to dictate to the future; there must be no barrier in the way of free independent search after truth. The trouble with those misguided persons who seek thus to limit the freedom of inquiry is not that they are confusing things spiritual with things secular, but rather, to borrow the words of a vigorous German writer, that they are "mistaking their own expanded bosoms for the bellows of divinity." These attempts have no even remote connection with the teaching of morality.

There is nothing, however, which more deeply concerns us at the present time than the moral training of the rising generation, which must solve problems and face responsibilities far more formidable than any that have confronted the older generation, and which will call for much greater intelligence, determination,

and character, if success is to be achieved, and our cherished civilization saved from ruin. And yet, when one faces the facts, it would appear that it is precisely in this respect that we are most conspicuously failing to get results.

I am sure that college students to-day are, take them by and large, superior intellectually and morally to the college students of a generation ago, and that they are just as responsive to generous enthusiasms, and just as eager to follow the lead of the ideal, once they have discovered it. They are, perhaps, somewhat less docile, and undoubtedly more frank and outspoken, — but this is all to the good.

Granting the correctness of this observation, it by no means follows that the college student of to-day is better adjusted mentally and morally to the world in which he lives than was his predecessor a generation ago to his relatively much simpler world. Material progress during the past thirty years has been at a furious pace. Discovery has followed discovery, invention followed invention, with bewildering rapidity, greatly increasing man's control over the forces of nature, but at the same time creating a social order confusing in its complexity, and beset with new and formidable temptations. It is harder than ever before to find one's moral bearings and steer one's course accordingly.

The political situation is no less confusing, partly owing to our rapid industrial development, partly to the concentration of population in the cities, with large groups of unassimilated aliens, many of whom, owing to a false sentimentality, have been given the vote although they are illiterate, know but few words of the language of America, and nothing of its history, its institutions, and its ideals. The government of our large cities, with few exceptions, is incompetent and corrupt. Meantime, nationally, concentration of power in Washington has saddled us with a bureaucracy equal to that of Germany at its worst, — except in efficiency. And all the while crime is increasing and the consumption of narcotics mounting at a terrific rate. It would almost seem as if our civilization had outrun our capacity to deal with its problems.

What can relieve the situation save an increase in the intelligence and character of the citizenry, save a clearer vision of the right, and a greater willingness to live up to our civic and social

responsibilities in the light of that vision? And where shall we look for help if not to the schools and colleges? The home? Undoubtedly, where the home training is what it should be, and nothing can equal it in importance, though this training, however excellent, must be reënforced in the schools. But how many homes are meeting this obligation? The church? Its contacts with the young are too fleeting and casual to make a deep impression unless supplemented by the work in the schools. The law, that is, force? Surely we have been learning through bitter experience that the attempt to make men moral by legislation does but make for lawlessness and immorality.

We are spending money lavishly on education. School taxes are high, and steadily going higher; private gifts to education are on a stupendous scale. We are trying not only to supply a common school education for every one but also to make it possible for any child who has the desire and the preparation to go through high school and college. There is only one thing that justifies this program, and the huge expenditure that it entails, and that is the conviction that the schools are training the young to recognize and accept the responsibilities and duties that go with, and are the condition of, the preservation of the rights of free citizenship, and that the colleges are sending out men trained in vision and character for wise and effective leadership. This is the moral task of education. Its recognition in no way involves the neglect or subordination of any intellectual aims. The spiritual interests of man cannot with safety be divorced from the intellectual. The attempt to do so has always resulted in disaster, from the days of Tertullian to those of Pomponatius, of Francis Bacon and his modern followers, leading on the one hand to superstition, bigotry, and fanaticism, and on the other to an absorption on the part of the alert minds in secular interests that has rendered them indifferent and callous to spiritual values, and thus given prevalence to a distorted conception of truth itself.

But we are met with the assertion that morals cannot be taught, that one's destiny is fixed when one enters upon the scene of life. We are familiar with the dogma of Augustinian and Calvanistic theology, that some men are predestined to salvation, some to damnation, all for the glory of God. Muddy, modern materialistic fatalism is just as terrible as the older

theological predestinarianism, though lacking in its sublimity. And as the latter was due to an abstract, barren, and inadequate conception of God, so is the former due to an abstract, barren, and inadequate conception of man.

Frank, outspoken materialism, which is gaining ground to-day in some quarters, due, I think, to a false interpretation of some recent investigations in psychology, we can pass over with a word. For it, morality does not exist at all; it is mere illusion. Man is a machine, and that is the end of it. The essentially human is by this view denied existence because it does not fit into one's pet formulas.

But there is a more disguised and insidious form of materialism which attaches itself to the skirts of the theory of evolution. I call it materialism, because the categories it employs are ultimately taken from the physical sciences. According to this view, one enters the world with an hereditary equipment in intellect and morals, which cannot be augmented by experience and education. Even in the case of the intellect this doctrine cannot be accepted without serious reservations. No one could question so obvious a fact as that men differ profoundly in intellectual ability. But there are many different ways in which intellectual power finds expression. And if there is one thing that the army intelligence tests did clearly bring out it is the fact that our standardized school methods are very imperfectly adapted to meet the needs of a very large number of children. Take an extreme case. Here is a handicapped child forced by law to attend a graded school whose methods are altogether unadapted to his needs. Repeating the same grade over and again, a drag on other pupils, always the dunce of the class, he readily develops an inferiority complex, and, to recover his self-respect, joins a gang of toughs, perhaps becomes their ringleader. That is, he finds a field of activity where he can count. Later, we find him in reformatory or prison. But experience shows that such handicapped children can often be saved for a useful and decent life if given the special educational training which their diseased condition requires, and enlightened States are more and more making provision for such training. Now between the extremes of the handicapped child and the alert and normal child, for whom our school methods are fairly well adapted, are all sorts of de-

grees and gradations, and therefore partial educational misfits. So we must be very guarded in making sweeping generalizations as to native intellectual endowment by tests taken in mature years.

But moral predestinarianism is a sheer dogma. There is not the slightest evidence, that is not of a question-begging character, to show that one child is innately moral, another innately immoral; that one is born with the altruistic instinct and therefore destined to a life of usefulness and service, another without this instinct and therefore destined to a life of ruthless selfishness. On the contrary, all experience seems to give the lie to any such assumption. (Ask any good scout master why boys go wrong.) One clings to this assumption simply because of an inveterate habit of the mind to translate the changing into the fixed, freedom into fate; to interpret the other as the same, the present as a repetition of the past. This method has proved exceedingly fruitful, and therefore valid, in the physical sciences, not because any two facts are precisely the same, if the total context be considered, but because, for the purposes of those sciences, the differences are altogether irrelevant. But, as we go up in the scale of complexity, from the physical, to the chemical, to the vital, to the animal, to the human, the differences become increasingly important, the method decreasingly adequate. Every human being is a unique individual. You may not think so as you view him from afar. But ask a mother, ask a lover whether another could be just the same.

Incidentally, altruism is not morality. Sentimental altruism may even be positively immoral. Self-sacrifice is equally ambiguous. The poor misguided hermit who went out into the desert to sacrifice himself utterly, that he might give himself wholly to God, in the end became a self not worth giving to God. "Oh, to be nothing, nothing," as a familiar hymn begins, is not the cry of virtue. Similarly, egoism, aggression, self-assertion, are not necessarily immoral. It all depends on whether the self in question is the little private isolated self, or what Professor Palmer has happily called the "conjunct self".

The moral life is simply the life humanly worth while. Objectively, morality is simply intelligent human conduct. Subjectively, it is the desire, the will, the determination to live as

an intelligent human being. The meaning of this statement obviously hinges on the interpretation of the word "human".

Now one thing that psychology has brought to light is the amazing plasticity of the human soul, — to use, for convenience, a good old-fashioned word unfortunately eschewed by modern psychology, — its power of life and growth. Another is its individuality. No two persons are just alike; and for each life is a fresh adventure. Consequently no two persons receive precisely the same education, for education is not an environment into which a human being is put, as one might put a fish into an aquarium; it is not something brought to the youth and superimposed from without. It is a living process, dependent at every turn on his spontaneity and creative activity. So two boys may come from the same home, attend the same schools and churches, and yet receive a very different education, not because of any innate intellectual or moral disparity, but because countless factors are involved, any one of which may have a bearing on the results. It may be that some antipathy toward the teacher has been aroused in one case, while lacking in the other, which makes the teacher's efforts unavailing; it may be the influence of playmate or companion, it may be temperamental differences, — to cover many causes in a single word, — or it may be some personal experience, in itself trifling, which may have important effects reaching far into after life. Education is not education unless it bites in.

Furthermore, every child is at the outset a veritable chaos of interests, emotions, desires, appetites, fears, hopes, and vague aspirations, some of which are social, some anti-social. These springs of action, as they are sometimes called, vary in intensity as between individuals, and also in the same individual at different times and under different conditions. Education is a process in which this chaos is reduced to order, and the child becomes a person, that is, a moral being, self-controlled and responsible, and at the same time intelligent.

One can see the method of this process in operation on the field of sport, — a very important part of moral education. A certain desire becomes dominant, the desire for power, excellence, mastery; interest in the achievement of a definite end becomes all-absorbing, and, as a consequence, hardship and discipline are

accepted as a matter of course, some desires are restrained that others may be realized; and one learns through one's own experience the value of coöperative effort, that team play is more important than star play, learns to be "a good sport", and to play the game "on the level".

Now what moral education does is simply to extend this lesson, helping the child to find the absorbing interest of ends ever more and more over-personal and inclusive, and to order his life accordingly.

How the schools can best accomplish this result is another story, which I cannot develop here. I can only mention one or two things that seem to me imperative. Since thoroughness, mastery, involving hard work and discipline, is the condition of all successful living, there should be far greater insistence upon these things. The child should master the fundamentals before being allowed to pass on to higher subjects. Our slipshod methods of putting children through the grades is most demoralizing. More use should be made of biographies, of the lives of men who have made good in all walks of life, for the child, like the grown-up, is more interested in persons than in anything else, and gets his inspiration largely by contagion, the contagion of the noble example. Finally, the child should be treated throughout more as a unique individual, less as a case.

Very little can be accomplished by precept, — nothing unless the precept can be tied up to the actual experience of the child.

In the case of the college student, still less can morals be taught by the direct method. The intelligent student rightly resents moralizing. The object of a college education is to make the student at home in the world in which he lives, and to help him to live in a world of ever increasing dimensions; at home in the world as science reveals it, and as it is interpreted in history, philosophy, literature, art, and religion, — taking that word in its broadest sense. That is enough. One does not need to point a moral. The spiritual values shine by their own light and develop their own heat. For it is, after all, the distinctive trait of human nature to appreciate and be responsive to spiritual values, — to sincerity, truth, beauty, justice, and righteousness.

THOSE CHARMING RUSSIANS

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE

NOT so many months ago a charming man with a well defined literary bent, bearing with him not a few important looking documents with the seals of the Commissars of the Soviet Republic, came from Moscow and preached the need in this country of a better understanding of the gentle Russian peoples. Some scoffed, but some were lured with the charm of his voice and the gentleness with which he offered his opinions. Quite a few became convinced that the salvation of the world and more particularly the future of America depended on how speedily these United States arrived at an understanding of, and an agreement with, the Soviet Republic.

It is really astonishing how interested some of us became, and the part assigned to me, being an enthusiast by nature, was to convince those two distinguished conservative statesmen, Mr. Secretary Hughes and Senator George H. Moses, of the errors of their ways.

Now, I hold there are no two men in America more polite than Mr. Secretary Hughes and Senator Moses, or more tolerant of the friend who may be regarded as temporarily enmeshed in political vagary, but I fear I must have tried the patience of these two kindly friends whom our Russian propagandist, if he had spoken in more limpid English, would have described as "hard boiled eggs". I came back from Washington somewhat puzzled by the irreconcilable character of the statements on both sides of the question of Russian recognition. It seemed to me that the heavily documented representative of the Soviets had some things to explain. I told him so.

"What you should do, if you would," he said in a hesitating way, "is to go yourself to Moscow and talk with some of the Commissars, and if you would be willing to do this I would go with you."

"Very well," I replied in the traditional American fashion, "let's go to Moscow, — when do we start?"

"But of course, you know," he went on in his soft tones, "it is not easy to see them, — they are not like Americans."

"How long would it take to see the Commissars?" I asked, pursuing the American method.

"It might take days," he replied, "and then they sometimes make appointments for what you would think impossible hours, — sometimes midnight, sometimes two or three o'clock in the morning."

I refused to be dismayed, and expressed my willingness to be patient under these alluring conditions.

"And then sometimes," he said, "even if you have waited for a week or two weeks, you are not able to see them."

"Then what is the use of my going to Russia?" I asked.

My Soviet friend sighed, and, shaking his head, said gently: "You do not seem to understand."

These charming Russians! Despite the fact that there are still many Americans who believe any consideration of the Russian question to be fundamentally unpatriotic, I doubt if there is any subject dealing with foreign affairs that has interested and captivated so many people as this so-called Russian question.

The fact that the Russians, with intellectual America abjectly captivated, are still unable to locate a governmental connection would indicate either that they have a political cleverness that has hitherto been unprobed, or that they are, as some say, more interested in things of the mind than in mere trade relations.

I doubt very much that we can find in the history of America any country that has upset the American equilibrium more than the Russians have in the last few years, — without doing serious damage.

I have a dim recollection of hearing my father, who was a Know-Nothing in the days of that strongly anti-alien party, declare that the reason that many Americans proclaimed, "No Irish need apply," was because really sincere and educated people were convinced in the '40s and '50s that the new trans-Atlantic liners were going to bring over all the Irish, and that they, coming from a famished land to one of plenty, would come in such mood as to overwhelm the original settlers. In nearly every case where there has been an anti-race movement in this country, it has come from a belief on the part of the Nordic element that they would be overrun by some other race.

In the case of the Russians, the fear seems to be, not that the

Russians will come to this country in numbers, but that they will convert the Americans to their methods of thinking. In this our anti-Russian Americans have paid a most subtle compliment to the Bolshevists, for they have assumed that the American mind would fall an easy victim to the charm of the Russian propagandist.

And perhaps they are right. It was Voltaire who wrote in 1762 to the Comte D'Argental:

> "*Cet empire russe deviendra l'arbitre du Nord; je vous en avertis, messieurs les Français.*"

And surely, even in these troubled years that have followed the most troubled peace that nations have ever agreed on, the Russians, with a seeming absence of guile that is distinctly Oriental, have kept themselves to the front in our thoughts. When their peasants were starving it has seemed always the first of American duties that we should feed them. When their impoverished nobility deigned to visit us, our patriotic and exclusive circles have become disrupted over entertaining them. When they send their actors to us, we pay the highest prices to listen to a language that we do not understand, and even now we are humbly begging the Soviet Government to permit more of their artists to come over and allure us.

The late Vance Thompson, in a series of articles written and printed twenty-five years ago, declared that the country which, in a short space of time, could produce Moussorgsky, Balakirev, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Caesar Cui (Tchaikovsky he put aside as German in spirit) in music, and Turgeniev, Dostoyevsky, and Tolstoy in literature, was bound to dominate the world in art. It is interesting to recall that Mr. Thompson's articles were received with jeering in many cultivated quarters, and the late Mark Blumenberg, editor of the "Musical Courier", and an astute and learned critic, poured out upon Thompson, Moussorgsky and "the goat motif" the vials of his inconsiderable wrath.

To-day, though we as a people do not speak to the Russian people, they have for us an extraordinary fascination. Before me are several shelves of books on Russia, collected as printed in the last six years, dealing with every possible aspect of Russian life, — politics, art, prisons, education, resources, and so forth, written

by many people, distinguished and undistinguished, — editors, journalists, novelists, statesmen, soldiers, women, — of all nationalities. I have read many of them through carefully, dipped into others. Some are valuable, others not so valuable, all have some interest; but it is those by the Russians themselves that are most alluring. And yet, after a reasonably conscientious effort, — including an abortive attempt to learn the language itself, — to know something of the Russian mind as it presents itself to the world to-day, I know nothing.

As I write, another book is laid before me, — just from the press. It is dated Moscow, May 24, 1925. It is by Leon Trotsky, and is called *Whither England?* with a "Preface for America" in which the Chairman of the Committee on Concessions, predicting England's downfall, innocently remarks, "to accuse me of revolutionary meddling in the affairs of foreign countries on the basis of such statements, would be almost equivalent to accusing the astronomer of bringing about a solar eclipse because he predicted its occurrence."

There you have it, — among the stars! Could anything be simpler, more naïve, apparently less provocative? And having taken a position among the stars, with their eternal quietness, how Chairman Trotsky will be amazed at the indignation of many when they read his savage attack upon the English, — Conservatives and Laborites alike, — his paean to Revolution.

Americans who are anxious to see at least trade relations resumed with Russia will read with interest Trotsky's statement of internal conditions in Russia. "Russian workers," he says, "have been able to bring their industries, — which almost perished in 1920–1921, — to a productivity amounting to sixty per cent of the pre-war figure. . . . When we reach our pre-war level, — a matter of the next two or three years, — the position of our workers will be incomparably superior to what it was before the war."

And then, — what then? Will it be that Russia will become, — not as Voltaire prophesied in 1762, "*l'arbitre du Nord*", — but "*l'arbitre du monde*"?

FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

PROPAGANDA

THE other night Exacticus was full of a discovery he had recently made. The Society for the Extension of Christian Truth, he told me with many a chuckle, was nothing but the whim of a fantastic old gentleman to save the gullible public from the evils of organized exploitation.

"You see," Exacticus said, "the man in the street hasn't a chance when organization gets hold of him. He may resent the suggestions of advertisers at first, but he gradually succumbs to their magic. And even when he still dreams that he is holding the citadel, his wife is letting the enemy in at the postern gate. Now, sir, during the war mankind learned that the same principle could be applied to public policies. Organize, sell the idea to the people — then legislate. Any sensible man realizes the far-reaching implications of propaganda, but is powerless to stop it. While he writes an article that is read by seventeen high-brows, the militant minorities are circularizing the nation. So, sir, our little old gentleman realized that the thing to do was to fight fire with fire, to organize and circularize."

"But why," I asked, "did he not join other organizations already in the field? There are such, I believe, — organized to preserve our liberties."

"Stupid!" retorted Exacticus with his usual precision. "Most of them have axes to grind too. They are out for counter-legislation; with the best intentions in the world, they are combating half-truth with half-truth. But our old friend has no axe to grind whatever, — his sole aim is to teach, to help the plain people to resist imposition in whatever form it may appear. He's a missionary."

"That's the reason he puts 'Christian' in the title of his society?" I queried with a grin.

"Not at all!" replied Exacticus contemptuously. "He used to call it the 'Anti-imposition Society', but he couldn't get a following. Now, with the new name, he counts his subscribers by

the thousands. And after all, the exposure of untruth and half-truth is about the most Christian thing a man could do nowadays."

"I suppose he's making money out of it," I remarked cynically.

"I don't believe so. Printing and postage and office-rent cost a lot. But really, he himself is more of a discovery than his society. I'll take you to see him some day."

Determined to see the strange old gentleman without Exacticus to edit him or to expose my imbecility, I visited the office of the Society for the Extension of Christian Truth the next morning. The name of Exacticus, whom I mentioned, proved talismanic, and I was shown immediately into the rear office.

There sat the President,—a lean little man, rather shabbily attired, looking, in his shirt-sleeves, much like the incarnation of editor, compositor, proof-reader, and printer's devil seen in some country newspaper offices. When he looked up, though, his eye was full of an eager light that carried his weariness easily. He showed me to a chair and soon warmed to his subject.

"Exacticus gave you rather a false impression," he said. "*He* would like me to rage about in the political arena, but I have avoided it generally. It is very hard to get at the whole truth of any political matter. Adding half a truth to half a truth doesn't give you a whole truth, you know, and I make it my primary principle to send out only information that I and my able assistants have tested till we *know* it is true." (He gestured towards the girl in the front office and towards an energetic, wizened old lady who, I already noticed, seemed to have the rare faculty of communicating adequately without speech.) "That of course rather precludes the political field, doesn't it? Though I realize that I shall have to do something there too if the society is to justify its name. Since well-meaning but mistaken minorities have been using propaganda to accomplish legislation, — worse yet, to persuade the people that the Constitution should become a code of statutes, — I have taken one or two flings at hoary lies adorned as truth. I neglected to attack the Eighteenth Amendment, I confess, for liquor has always repelled me (we all have our little idiosyncrasies, you know), but I am going for this proposed amendment to prohibit the teaching of evolution. I've got my coat off now," he added with a humorous gesture at his attire.

"But how," I asked, "do you 'go' for such a proposed amendment?"

"Well," he said, "it's not so simple as attacking untruthful advertisements. There I simply write, 'The Universal Razor Company has lowered its prices; it has also lowered the quality of the steel in its blades.' Then I send the statement to all members of the Society. They know I have no razor or whatever to sell them, and sooner or later, if I have enough members, they may make it hot for the perfidious manufacturers."

"But I should think the business concerns would make it hot for you," I said.

"They do," he replied with a grim smile. "Some of them are after me all the time. If I make a false statement, they'll get me. It's quite exhilarating. They have even tried to thug me."

"How could you meet that?" I asked. "Expose the municipal police?"

"Oh, no," he laughed; "*they're* hardened to exposure. Also, the best police force in the world can't prevent artful thuggery. No, I've been lucky so far,—and rather skilful with my hands and feet, though I may not look it."

I recalled him to evolution.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "As I said, that's not a 'straight proposition', like attacking the fraudulent advertisers. The thing to expose, you see, is not fundamentalism or evolution, but the mistaken notion that either of them is religion. That involves all sorts of prejudices and preconceptions; and most of the simple souls who belong to our Society are quite incapable of keeping the issue clear, without passion. All I can do so far is to sow seeds of information, but the crop is beginning to come. To many fundamentalists, of course, I seem to be supporting their side, and to many of the quack evolutionists, the bitter-ender scientists, I seem to be supporting their side, too. Naturally I take pains to attack neither, and as a matter of fact I don't mean to attack either, but in the end to liberate people from a narrow thraldom and, in a practical aspect, to convince them that such things cannot be written into law. It's a slow process, like all education, and the law may be passed before I get a large enough public or before I get that public enlightened. But that isn't going to make me frantic. I've taken my coat off, but, by your leave, I'm going to keep my shirt on."

This old gentleman somehow appealed to a pedestrian mind. "If it is not too bold a question," I said, "may I ask how you qualified for this work? It's stupendous!"

"By general failure," the old gentleman replied matter-of-factly. "I have been an electrician, a barber, an amateur lightweight pugilist, a salesman, and a college professor — of sorts. I have failed dismally at everything I have taken up. And I rather expect to fail at this, too — but — but it will be more exhilarating to fail in this way than—"

"'All men strive, and who succeeds?'" I put in with a platitudinous grin.

"A pretty piece of poetry," returned the old gentleman, "but in point of fact, about half strive and two per cent succeed. What success I may be having, I lay to the little old woman. I am author and compositor, but she is editor and printer's devil. When we rented our office, her first purchase was a quantity of blue pencils and waste-baskets. God bless her! . . . Perhaps," he added with a reminiscent look, "I owe something to my experience as a barber; people have a way of confessing to barbers. I learned that the majority of people don't think; they just imitate thinking; but they do really feel, and the less they can understand their feelings, the more they believe in them."

"What you say interests me," I put in, "the more so because Exacticus and I were talking of it last night. In fact, I once wrote a little attack on our recent indulgence in propaganda to produce legislation."

"Did you?" cried the little man eagerly. Then, with a disappointed look, "Oh, but I suppose you had no audience to speak of."

"Not much, I fear; but one man evidently read it, for he wrote an answer, saying that the Pedestrian had gone astray, that anyone ought to know that propaganda created 'states of mind', which eventually developed into 'public opinion', which in turn led to 'legislation'."

"A hoary notion," he replied. "Propaganda may get people into a *state*, but rarely into a *state of mind*, and such states of feeling may coalesce into public *passion*. But public *opinion* is a very rare bird. It is just on this account that propaganda is the chief weapon of organized minorities. It's merely a grandiose

form of advertisement: you can sell almost anything if you say it attractively and intensively. The American people are like a jury faced by unscrupulous lawyers and without a judge to instruct them.

"Why, don't you see," he cried with animation, "that this is the very thing I am attacking? I don't really care much whether the American people succumb to the perfidy of the Universal Razor Company; but that is symptomatic. What I am after is the growing tendency to believe anything that's told you. Look at the Child Labor discussion. A lot of people for the amendment, a lot against it, — most of them excited, — and now comes a sober commission with the report that the evidence so far is too antiquated and too inadequate to be of value. Yet the partisans, the propaganda producers, pretended that the evidence was all in and conclusive."

"But even if the evidence showed conclusively that conditions were very bad, would you believe in a Federal Amendment to—"

"Ah, that's a different question, a matter of political theory. But come see me another time about that. My coadjutor there has twice signaled me to get rid of you and settle down to work."

LA MORT

AUTUMN dies a-singing,
Shouts a bold "Don't care!"
Sets a cap of orange
On her red-gold hair;
Dons a shroud of crimson;
Flaunts a purple flower;
Mocks the hoary headsman
In her last, mad hour.

— *Jessica Royer*

POETRY
EDITED BY HARRIET MONROE

TWO POEMS

By William Rose Benét

THE SKATER OF GHOST LAKE

GHOST LAKE'S a dark lake, a deep lake and cold;
Ice black as ebony, frostily scrolled;
Far in its shadows a faint sound whirrs;
Steep stand the sentineled deep, dark firs.

A brisk sound, a swift sound, a ring-tinkle-ring;
Flit-flit, — a shadow, with a stoop and a swing,
Flies from a shadow through the crackling cold.
Ghost Lake's a deep lake, a dark lake and old!

Leaning and leaning, with a stride and a stride,
Hands locked behind him, scarf blowing wide,
Jeremy Randall skates, skates late,
Star for a candle, moon for a mate.

Black is the clear glass now that he glides,
Crisp is the whisper of long lean strides,
Swift is his swaying, — but pricked ears hark.
None comes to Ghost Lake late after dark!

Cecily only, — yes, it is she!
Stealing to Ghost Lake, tree after tree,
Kneeling in snow by the still lake side,
Rising with feet winged gleaming to glide.

Dust of the ice swirls. Here is his hand.
Brilliant his eyes burn. Now, as was planned,
Arm across arm twined, laced to his side,
Out on the dark lake lightly they glide.

Dance of the dim moon, a rhythmical reel,
A swaying, a swift tune, — skurr of the steel;
Moon for a candle, maid for a mate,
Jeremy Randall skates, skates late.

Black as if lacquered the wide lake lies;
Breath is a frost-fume, eyes seek eyes;
Souls are a sword-edge tasting the cold.
Ghost Lake's a deep lake, a dark lake and old!

Far in the shadows hear faintly begin
Like a string pluck-plucked of a violin,
Muffled in mist on the lake's far bound,
Swifter and swifter, a low singing sound!

Far in the shadows and faint on the verge
Of blue cloudy moonlight, see it emerge,
Flit-flit, — a phantom, with a stoop and a swing . . .
Ah, it's a night bird, burdened of wing!

Pressed close to Jeremy, laced to his side,
Cecily Culver, dizzy you glide.
Jeremy Randall sweepingly veers
Out on the dark ice far from the piers.

"Jeremy!" "Sweetheart?" "What do you fear?"
"Nothing, my darling, — nothing is here!"
"Jeremy?" "Sweetheart?" "What do you flee?"
"Something — I know not; something I see!"

Swayed to a swift stride, brisker of pace,
Leaning and leaning they race and they race;
Ever that whirring, that crisp sound thin
Like a string pluck-plucked of a violin;

Ever that swifter and low singing sound
Sweeping behind them, winding them round;
Gasp of their breath now, that chill flakes fret;
Ice black as ebony, — blacker — like jet!

Ice shooting fangs forth — sudden — like spears;
Crackling of lightning, — a roar in their ears!
Shadowy a phantom swerves off from its prey . . .
No, it's a night bird flit-flits away!

Low-winging moth-owl, home to your sleep!
Ghost Lake's a still lake, a cold lake and deep.
Faint in its shadows a far sound whirrs.
Black stand the ranks of its sentinel firs.

TURPIN AT VAUXHALL

IN a brilliant barge from Whitehall stair
Sue and Thisbe, pretty Miss Prue,
Up azure Thames through evening air
Close to the Vauxhall landing drew.
Dick Turpin, late of the Great North Road
On the Grand Cross Walk surveyed the crowd
Where temples, pavilions, statues glowed
Under glittering lights in a rosy cloud.

Bow Street runners, patrols forgot,
Where peer and poet in tie-wigs paced
'Twixt mimic cascade and goblin grot,
(Gay coats full-skirted, flowered and laced)
Where colored like crocus gleamed each gown, —
Bright eyes asparkle from fan or hood, —
Where red lips chattered the talk of town,
In the midst of it all Dick Turpin stood.

Thronged by gallants they passed him by,
Thisbe and Prue, on their conquering way,
The surf of voices swelled loud and high.
The booths were crowded, the music gay.
Old legends awoke in Turpin's mind,
(His nostrils tingled with *eau de luce*)
Of Colonel Blood and of Captain Hind,
Of Claude Duval — and the hangman's noose!

He turned, a-shiver. In ambuscade
His black mare waited. 'Twas near the hour . . .
Down graveled paths to a darkling glade,
He checked — at a sound from a shadowed bower,
A muffled shriek! With whipped-out sword
Bold Turpin burst through a screen of vine,
As Prue, in the grip of a maudlin lord,
Flinched back from a table splashed with wine.

By a twist of the neck-cloth spun about
Highwayman collared blustering peer.
"You have lost me a bishop's coach, past doubt, —
Have periled my neck, you must pay me dear!
So, my Vauxhall fowl, be you neatly trussed;
And — I beg to relieve you of — this — and this;
One move — and I lesson with cut and thrust
The proper price for a lady's kiss!"

'Twas thus, in a summer-house, gagged and bound,
With oyster eyeballs that glared to curse,
Marveling maskers at midnight found
Purple and mottled, Milord Fitzurse . . .
But, slowly reined from a meteor ride,
Where low in the sky dimmed London Town,
Turpin's mare struck a dreamlike stride
Under the starlight, over the down.

Musing, her rider stroked her mane,
Twirled a white rose he stooped to smell,
Pursed his lips as to tune again;
"Strange," he murmured, "what then befell — !
And I must live —" (and his smile was young)
"I must live a rogue — who have lost a bride;
And indeed, my dear, I shall live to be hung!"

He was hanged at York, come Eastertide.

The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by FORUM *contributors, or to any views expressed in these columns*

The Mother of the Mayor

A gay war interlude, another Tribute to Armistice Day:

"It is only the ribaldry of fools that breaks the silence of sentiment. Many an American has laughed when a Frenchman was earnest, and destroyed one more chance for international accord!"

The speaker may have been right; but some men state accepted truths in a way that compels contradiction. "I have known the time," said I, "when American laughter broke in upon French sentiment and saved the situation."

There are twelve men scattered over these United States who will agree as to one occurrence of the sort. They will agree, that is, if they remember. But they served with a division that went to France early and stayed late; and they have so much more to remember than I, who cherish all the littlest episodes of my brief stay with them.

It was just after the St Mihiel offensive. The division had been ordered to join the French, and it made a circuit down into comfortable country, where the people in the villages were going on about their daily affairs; and then northeast into action again. This circuit took our field hospital through a pleasant town whose name I have forgotten, — and it makes no difference. But some cheery little cafés were invitingly open, and the M. P.'s were kept busy closing them to our men at eight o'clock in the evening. Here was the first chance in a long time of mud and cold comfort for the officers to have a real supper party together, and incidentally provide a sort of farewell courtesy to one who had been their guest.

Lieutenant Bell (that will do for a name), who spoke something better than make-believe French, made the arrangements. *Madame* and her husband, who together conducted the place, were vastly excited. They would serve us in the kitchen, after eight o'clock, because the windows of that room could be thoroughly darkened. There were some special cheeses and a few other enticing things hidden away in the cellar against an occasion of this importance; and a certain wine that was not to be bought by money alone.

The table was set for us along one wall of the spacious raftered kitchen. They had probably put the small tables from the café end to end, and found a cloth to cover it all. It certainly appeared luxurious for war-time.

The room was to be ours for the evening, but the family had no idea of staying out of it, you may be sure. Americans were welcome folk, and the medical officers in particular had won an immeasurable goodwill. This was an event that would be recorded in the annals of *Madame's* family unto the third and fourth generation. So they explained apologetically that they had still their own supper to get, but that it would be across the kitchen, where they could not annoy us, but the more easily anticipate our needs and serve us promptly.

There were *Madame* and *Monsieur;* then there was a daughter of the house, perhaps fifteen years old, who always helped in the café; and a niece perhaps a year younger;

lastly, the son, who would soon be drafted into service.

It was a jolly dinner. Those men had every right to let go, — as much right as the staff of any field hospital in the A. E. F. But it was a perfectly decent party. We sang and joked and drank and ate; I think the eating surpassed all of the other activities put together. The food was good; the wine was good; the camaraderie was perfect; and now and then it was necessary for some one of the group to remind the others that the house was supposed to be not only dark to observers on the street outside, but silent.

Suddenly, in the midst of one of the songs, there was a sharp knock on the outside door that led directly from the kitchen to a side street. The sound brought instant silence. Our hostess and her family looked thoroughly alarmed. *Monsieur* went to the door and opened it a tiny crack. There was a moment of parley in rapid French. Then he flung the door open and bowed.

The visitor who stepped across the threshold brought us all to our feet in puzzled astonishment. We saw a short and stocky peasant woman; elderly and ugly, if you attempted to analyze her features, but with a certain fine quality about her. Strong of feature, like an old Roman senator, broad across the forehead, high cheek-bones, and a nose hooked like the curve of a battle-axe, she stood there facing us with unquestioned dignity while *Monsieur* shut and bolted the door behind her. Our one competent spokesman stepped forward, and *Monsieur* performed the introduction.

We were facing the mother of the mayor! While her son was away fighting, she filled his high office.

It was a common cause for remark in the A. E. F. that in the villages along the front the French knew every move of the American army and all its gossip as soon as the Americans did, and generally sooner. So, in this instance, here was our little private supper party, utterly unimportant to anybody but ourselves, arranged with great secrecy, and the lady mayor of the town paying us a formal visit in the midst of the meal to bestow her blessing.

It struck us as enormously funny, as soon as we understood the situation, and the moment's restraint disappeared instantly. It happened that I had done some shopping for the unit that afternoon, and had gotten a supply of those little brass insignia, the *U. S.* and the Medical Corps device; and after I had met the general deficiencies there were one or two extra ones left in my pocket. One of the officers who happened to remember this fact called out to me, "Why don't you decorate the old lady?" So I found a spare *U. S.*, and while the rest of the group remained standing I went forward and pinned it upon the ample bosom of our visitor. Then we started to cheer.

I can see her now as she stood there with the furnishings of that humble kitchen for a background; squat and unlovely, but with a look on her broad face that smashed my laughter flat. It had the calm, almost stolid sadness of all the mothers in France. She was here tending to her son's business. She was a solid piece of the stuff that France was made of. And she began to cry!

I think that every one of us had sense enough to understand immediately the tragic thing that had happened. She saw no joke in it at all. She saw no difference, so far as my act was concerned, between this informal group of medical officers on a holiday, and a commander-in-chief surrounded by his staff. We represented America, she was the mother of the mayor, and we had decorated her.

I know we all felt ashamed of ourselves, as though we should have foreseen; and there was a miserably awkward moment. How could we undo it, or decently follow it up? But there was some watchful spirit of good sense that guided Bell. Going quickly across the kitchen, he detached the insignia from his own collar, and with much gallantry of gesture, pinned it upon *Madame*, completing the ceremony of decoration by kissing her on both cheeks. Instantly one of the second lieutenants, not to be outdone, decorated the daughter of the house who happened to be the prettier of the two youngsters, and another subaltern ran to decorate the one that was left.

Meanwhile *Madame la mairesse* stood stiffly in the centre of the kitchen. She did

not know just what to make of this cheapening of official decorations, and it was plain that she was not above a certain jealousy. But the three officers who had performed their tasks so completely and with so much zeal turned to me at once. "You didn't complete your job," they said accusingly. "Finish it up!"

"Yes, finish it up," yelled all the rest of them at me; while the French, uncomprehending, watched us in puzzled fashion. So I went forward and saluted that grand old Roman on both cheeks, while everyone cheered. I suppose there is such a thing as a ceremonial kiss, but mine wasn't that. I meant it!

Perhaps I had shown a certain foolish hesitation; perhaps there was needed only a small touch of comedy to break the tension. At any rate, we were all shouting with laughter, and the mother of the mayor seemed to enjoy it more hugely than all the rest. There was nothing for it then but that the French should provide a song, in which we joined as best we could. And so we saw Her Honor to the door.

BURGES JOHNSON.

Vassar College,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Telling the Children

If we are not Fundamentalists and do not accept a literal interpretation of the Bible, what are we to tell our children? This was the theme of Mildred W. Stillman's essay in the August FORUM, — *a theme which has brought forth the following comment:*

From a very liberal physician who never goes to church: "I object to the apparent disparagement of the Sunday School. Without the Sunday School the Church would soon cease to exist."

From a devout Roman Catholic: "It surely is a great task to be responsible for the religious training of the young mind today. But when we tell them 'the Old Story', we cannot go far wrong."

From a Presbyterian grandmother: "'St Mark the most accurate of the Gospels?' But each Gospel is equally accurate. The entire Bible is the equally inspired Word of God."

From a Presbyterian grandfather: "I surmise that in actual practise Mrs. Stillman goes a little farther than she ventures to suggest to other parents, but her 'gesture' is right and good."

From a young Episcopalian mother: "But what enchanted me especially was the fundamental basis back of the idea, — that the mother herself must give the child his training along religious and spiritual lines. It is precisely what so few mothers to-day seem to do."

From an eminent minister: "My only criticism would be amplifications. I wish the author had made a little more of bringing children into social worshiping groups, for I feel sure that there, as in other groups, the Spirit is caught. I also felt that the plea for mother's teaching as opposed to Sunday School teaching might be modified to mean no less mother's teaching, because the other is taken for the sake of the corporate fellowship."

From a very young agnostic: "I should be very much interested to know how Mrs. Stillman's own children turn out religiously."

Pax Anglo-Americana

"England and America are the only two creditor nations in the world," asserted A. Washington Pezet in a recent FORUM *symposium on "Coöperation or Isolation". "Each of us should be willing to sacrifice some part of our sovereignty: we should be willing to make mutual concessions in order to establish the Pax Anglo-Americana."*

William Hovgaard, Professor of Naval Architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has this reply to make:

Editor of THE FORUM:

I am in essential agreement with Mr. Pezet on the subject of "Coöperation and Protection", as set forth so clearly and concisely in the June number of THE FORUM. My arguments run parallel with his and lead inevitably to the same conclusion that an unconditional alliance between the United States and the British Empire is the most promising means of securing world peace for any considerable length of time.

Not that I believe there is an immediate danger of a great war, for although Europe is in a state of very low stability, probably no one has the energy at present to upset the equilibrium. Conditions in 1914 were

intrinsically much more stable, but the upsetting forces were still more powerful. It may be a long time before a similar condition of stability can be established, and in the meantime the disturbing forces are likely to grow in power and gain the ascendancy. When that occurs no single Power can prevent a breakdown, but it seems that at least for one or two generations the combined weight of the United States and the British Empire, who have nothing to gain by war, might provide the required stabilizing ballast.

Unfortunately one has to admit that the chance of such an alliance and hence of a "Pax Anglo-Americana" is very remote; in fact, it appears that, — as in case of most other alliances, — it can only be brought about by a common vital danger.

WILLIAM HOVGAARD.

Cambridge, Mass.

Borah's Path to Peace

In the August issue of THE FORUM, *Senator William Edgar Borah presented, in "The Fetish of Force", his new Pan-American Policy. Each month critics and champions of the proposed plan will state their views in these columns.*

Editor of THE FORUM:

I have just read Senator Borah's article on "The Fetish of Force" with very great interest and substantial agreement. It seems to me to be highly significant that the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States Senate should take so emphatic a stand on the questions which he discusses. I believe that his position on the danger of authorizing international agencies to use armed sanctions against a nation is absolutely sound. His attitude toward economic imperialism is very refreshing and encouraging. What he says about the danger of American imperialism assumes an added significance when it is recalled that the writer is in a position of very great responsibility for the determination of the foreign policy of the United States. If the present administration is really committed against forceful intervention in other countries we may look forward to a new day of understanding and coöperation with the nations to the south of us. THE FORUM is to be congratulated upon having secured this emphatic pronouncement from Senator Borah.

KIRBY PAGE,
Chairman Disciples' Committee on World Peace.

New York, N. Y.

Sleeveless Isles

Robert Dean Frisbie's humorous essay, "Palmleaf Gambling Hells", in October was inspiration for this lyrical poem, sent the Editor by V. A. ("Very Anonymous"?) who adds that he is a "constant reader of THE FORUM."

From my stodgy old job I shall take a reprieve,
I shall go to a land that is free;
With cards that are marked ensconced up my sleeve,
I am off for the isles of the sea.

And if ever I'm called 'neath a sheltering palm
The right cards'll be in the mit.
Don't mourn for me, wife, I shall come to no harm
For the girls haven't sleeves in Tahit'.

V. A.

New York, N. Y.

Hoover in 1928?

Editor of THE FORUM:

In the September FORUM, Mr .Wilhelm tells us why the people are likely to choose a new president in 1928, but he does not tell us why they ought to. The reason is that a man who has been president four years, and then campaigned for reëlection, is too much worn out to do the work properly in his second term. Not only has no president since Andrew Jackson gone through a full second term with as much popularity as he had in his first, but none has handled his second term well enough to deserve as much approval. If the Coolidge prudence and the Coolidge luck are in working order, Coolidge will not have another term; for it would be both imprudent and unlucky for him to burden his reputation with the record of a second term handled as a tired-out man would handle it.

Mr. Wilhelm suggests that the next president will be in some way decidedly different from either Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, or Coolidge, and that therefore he will be either a Western man, a business man, an engineer, a diplomat,

or a woman. Did Mr. Wilhelm reflect that there is a man who has been spontaneously desired for president, without the drive of an organized propaganda, by a greater number of citizens than any one else now living with one very doubtful exception, and that he combines four of these five qualifications? He is from the westernmost of States; he is an engineer by profession, a business man by universal reputation and recent occupation, a diplomat by international experience. He differs from the last five presidents in another respect, — that he is not a strong party man; that is why he has not already been nominated, but he may be president yet.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

Keep Professors Poor

Editor of THE FORUM:

The article in the October FORUM by Frank Bohn is an amazing example of present-day reasoning. It is ideally socialistic and impracticable. The best answer to it is to point to the great men who actually are staying by their pitifully paid jobs.

I believe that a huge increase in salary to the teachers in our universities would simply mean that we would substitute for the present high-minded, sincere men the sharp-minded, grasping, and worldly-minded.

In one of the two universities I graduated from, I met a poor professor who after many years' work had succeeded in isolating the essential principle in the adrenal gland. Though his discovery was worth a million dollars he refused to sell it. But an unscrupulous German student did patent it and received a million dollars from the sale. I maintain that such things would never be done by professors receiving huge salaries. The impetus to research is glory, dearer to any student than gold. Riches and even a competence have never produced as much as poverty.

At present, automatically we receive as the leaders of our educational institutions men who are certainly actuated by a sincere love of the work. We know there is no possibility of their seeking an easy living. As a result none but the sincere is there. Make the salaries desirable, and boards of trustees would have to rack their brains to choose from a host of candidates brought forward by politicians, a host of selfish seekers for a soft job, a host of flamboyant folk who had gotten by hook or crook before the public eye, — and many mistakes would be made. Most of the successful applicants would be, — pardon me, — Jews. I love them, and I admire them, and I frankly recognize our inability to cope with them in a place where money is a factor. But I do not want them to go after our professorships in too great numbers.

Our greatest teachers have been poor men. Their sincerity is not so subject to question. They receive a tribute of love and admiration from their students, a love which is great because of the unquestioned sincerity of their work.

$50,000 for Professors — God forbid!

CHESNEY M. RAMAGE.

Fairmont, West Va.

America and Roman Catholicism

Editor of THE FORUM:

Dr. Fama, in his article in the June FORUM, has described a semi-political organization which every Catholic will be unable to reconcile with the Church of God. *The Catholic Church never has been, never is, and never will be connected with politics.* How absurd it is to imagine that one's nationality has to do with one's religious belief. "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's," writes Dr. Fama. Why does he reiterate this trite truth? It has been preached from Catholic pulpits since preaching began. Cardinal O'Connell, senior American cardinal, and Archbishop of Boston, in a pamphlet dealing with the limits of State authority, reminds us that the individual existed before society, and society before the State. It is utter folly to place man before God, the creation before the Creator. The Catholic Church is a rampart of patriotic Americanism, and with such a mother the Catholic youth of America cannot fail to be the best of citizens.

J. W. SMITH.

Montreal, Canada.

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — *Keats*

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In this department there will appear each month signed reviews by at least two members of THE FORUM BOOK REVIEW BOARD, *reviews by special assignment, and an occasional unsolicited review. The last are paid for upon publication at the rate of fifteen cents a line. They are limited to 300 words.*

100° Above Zero in the Arctic

THE ARCTIC FORESTS. *By Michael H. Mason.* Hodder & Stoughton, 1924 ($6.00).

REVIEWED BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Michael H. Mason has written a book that belongs to the new and increasingly fashionable school of travelers who detest heroics. It is to the generality of arctic books what Akeley's *Brightest Africa* is to Stanley's *Darkest Africa*. There is in it a conviction that the truth ought to be told, and that it is no less interesting and thrilling to discover and describe a country that is rich, habitable, and fascinating in its beauty, than to visit and tell about a land of terror and gloom. Mr. Mason had his thrills, but they were those of finding new things that were beautiful. He had his adventures, but they resulted from miscalculation, from human frailty, or were merely incident to a struggle with such frontier conditions as may be found in any part of the world. He does not drag in a single one of the standard arctic myths to "improve" his story.

The book makes it clear that arctic travel is not for those who cannot be happy unless they "change for dinner" every night on their way from one Ritz-Carlton hotel to another. The adventures of the Far North are delightful for those who prefer a cold shower to a tepid bath, and who would rather climb a mountain than go to an afternoon tea in somebody's formal garden.

The true mountaineer does not enjoy most the climbs that are easiest. Caught in a tight place, he may wish, for the moment, that he had stayed in the safe valley. But if he once gets to the top, he will thereafter look back with the greatest relish to the very adventures that he enjoyed least while they were happening. On the second page of his book, Mr. Mason puts it this way: "I found my way into the Alaskan Arctic in the summer of 1920, and for two years I lived the life of the very few who make their home in the northern wilderness. I never look back on that period with anything but pleasure and a longing to return. Bad times came with the good, of course, but the tendency is to forget the blistered feet, the aching shoulders and hips, the empty stomach. . . . The memories that abide with me strongest are the wonderful aurora-lit

nights in the open camps, the feeling of power while running behind a dog sled, the thrill of seeing the wild beasts in their native forests and mountains, the midnight sun over the great sweep of the Mackenzie Delta, the 'pffw-pffw-pffw' of the big snowshoes, curling their way through the undergrowth on the trail of the moose, and the lakes, creeks, and mountains, unmapped and unknown, whither my feet found their way."

In comparing winter with summer, Mr. Mason agrees with most travelers in the Continental Arctic of North America or Asia. "In June . . . the mosquitos start and make life an increased burden as time goes on through the July heat to the middle of August. The sun is now up throughout the night, and the temperature sometimes goes to 100° F. and even 110° F. in the shade. I think that most of the northern folk prefer the winter, with its bracing cold, to the sweltering months of fighting the insect pest."

He emphasizes frequently that the cold of winter may be disagreeable at times, but never as troublesome as the summer heat. "At low temperatures extreme care must be taken all the time (to prevent yourself from freezing), and when it gets down to 70° below zero, or worse, it is better to keep to camp." He goes on to explain that temperatures as low as — 70° are found only in the forested section of the Arctic, remote from the ocean. "On the arctic coast the mean winter temperature is higher, but the wind is more severe, and the entire absence of timber makes a totally different mode of life necessary." The minimum temperature on the arctic circle in interior Alaska is given by him at 75° below zero. The minimum record at Point Barrow, nearly 300 miles north of the circle, is 54° below.

In every way Mr. Mason prefers the winter. Not only is the stifling heat of July worse than the scorching cold of January (scorching is the proper word, as you will know if you have tried it), but the summer beauties, over which our author is at times enthusiastic, are less than those of the midwinter. "Generally the lights (of the aurora) are dancing overhead in an arc or arcs from east to west, always on the move as if blown by gusts of wind. Usually the color is the pale blue of an electric spark in a vacuum, but sometimes the whole sky is lit up in a painted dome by every color of the rainbow, winnowing wildly in streaks and shoots of flame, shimmering, motionless for a few seconds, and then dancing again. . . . A lovely sunset is like a picture, but an aurora can be the living soul of color."

Mr. Mason is enraptured by the beauties of the North, but they are not his chief concern, at least in writing this book. For you see in his chapter on "The Future Empire" that he has returned from the Arctic as a missionary to the southern Canadians and the rest of his fellow Britishers, preaching the gospel of a coming Arctic Empire. "The majority of people have been led by sentimental fiction and an insufficient education to believe that the arctic regions are uniformly barren wastes, inhospitable and cold, where life is a continual round of hardship. Nothing is more detrimental to the progress of Canada than this apparent ineradicable fallacy that the farther to the north one goes, the less favorable do conditions of life become." To the eradication of this fallacy, Mr. Mason has evidently dedicated himself.

The book is devoted mainly to the picture of the Arctic as it is, but there are paragraphs of forecast and prophecy. "Some day . . . the Mackenzie River will run between the oil towns from Norman to Thunder River; the pall of black smoke from the coal and iron mines of Bear River will hang over the valley in a dense cloud." And so on until he has completed the picture of the mining, industrial, grazing, and agricultural development that will, in his opinion, turn the Arctic and sub-Arctic sections of Alaska and Canada into a commercial empire. This is to Mr. Mason the natural development of a country in which he spent two years that he "never looks back on with anything but pleasure and a longing to return." His closing appeal for the arctic countries is that if they were "the damnable Gehenna they are popularly imagined to be, would not we who have lived there be the first to denounce them? But we all sing the same song of praise (and no one believes us)."

But the trouble is that returning travelers from the Arctic do not all sing the same song of praise. Partly some are un-

fit for that country, as others are for cold shower baths or mountain climbing; partly there is the immemorial desire of travelers to represent when they return that they have surmounted dangers and endured hardships. And then there is the demand of the reading public for terrors from the North, — it is the standard and expected output of the Arctic.

This review has concerned itself only with a few of Mr. Mason's leading ideas. For the entertaining adventures of a newcomer among the frontiersmen, Indians, and wild animals of the Arctic, for the vivid pictures of a fresh and shimmeringly beautiful playground, you must turn to the book itself.

Man's Cousins and—Man

CHIMPANZEE INTELLIGENCE AND ITS VOCAL EXPRESSION. *By Robert M. Yerkes and Blanche W. Learned.* The Williams and Wilkins Company, 1925 ($3.50).

POPULATION. *By A. M. Carr-Saunders.* The Oxford University Press, 1925 (2s. 6d.).

STUDIES IN HUMAN BIOLOGY. *By Raymond Pearl.* The Williams and Wilkins Company, 1924 ($8.00).

REVIEWED BY E. E. FREE

It has become apparent that the differences between man and the animals are very slight. Intelligence is shared by all the higher animals; the most intelligent elephants, for example, are probably even more competent mentally than are vast numbers of perfectly human Americans. Inventive ability, personal affection, provision for the future, coöperation in enterprises too great for one individual, — all these "human" attributes are almost as evident among our animal cousins as in the communities of mankind. If there be any radical distinction between man and beast, it can lie in only one attribute — speech.

The invention of speech by man was probably the greatest single turning point in evolution. It would not be amiss to call it the beginning of manhood.

Just how this invention was made we do not know. Many students believe it to have been pre-human, in the sense that it was accomplished before man's body had differentiated entirely from the previous ape-like forms. It is even possible, some of these students believe, that existing apes have rudiments of this great outstanding power to talk. Professor R. L. Garner, an industrious student who has never had his deserved measure of public attention and approbation, came to believe, years ago, that he actually had discovered certain words and characteristics of the language of the greater apes.

Two recent investigators now report studies on two young chimpanzees, in *Chimpanzee Intelligence and its Vocal Expression* by Robert M. Yerkes and Blanche W. Learned. The apes in question were practically members of Dr. Yerkes's household. This distinguished psychologist undertook, as his part of the investigation, to observe the intelligence, the learning capacity, the emotional reactions, and similar mental characteristics of the two animal babies. Miss Learned, a musician and vocal student, undertook to transcribe in musical notation the sounds made by the animals to accompany eating or anger or fright or other acts or mental states.

The results are extraordinarily interesting, although far too meagre, as yet, to permit any firm conclusions. So far as intelligence goes, Dr. Yerkes's results are in substantial agreement with the well-known recent work of Kohler.* Undoubtedly these apes have good brains, although less stable and contemplative ones than most men. As to speech, Miss Learned believes that she has detected certain purposeful and meaningful sounds, the notes of which she writes out for other students to test and confirm.

The meat of the speech studies is contained, however, in a chapter by Dr. Yerkes in which he recites his failure to teach the chimpanzee to imitate sounds made by the experimenter. The apes could have repeated these sounds; their vocal machinery is entirely adequate. An imitative animal, like a parrot, would have learned the sounds readily. The chimpanzees did not learn them at all. No effort seemed to be made to learn them. The marked imitative tendencies of the animals proved to be confined to things which they could see.

* *The Mentality of Apes*, by Wolfgang Kohler (Harcourt, Brace $4.50), reviewed in the September FORUM by Horace B. English.

This conclusion suggests an interesting idea of what may be taken as the datum line for the division between speech and speechlessness. Perhaps this datum, — incomparably the most important one in all of human history, — needs to be set at the point where *imitative* speech began; at the time when the ape-men began to try to modify their natural cries and growls and whines to resemble the roar of waves on the shore, the buzz of insects, the crash of a falling tree. Even these modern words, "roar" and "buzz" and "crash", still resemble, you will notice, the sounds which they are intended to represent. Possibly the real invention of speech had nothing to do with the voice but was, instead, the acquirement of a mimic's ear.

* * *

Everyone admits, nowadays, that there may come to be too many people in the world. We kill many fewer than we formerly did by war. The social bloodletting of pestilence has been decreased. Famine is frowned upon as evil, and we try to avoid it. Meanwhile more babies have a way of being born, and we try, perhaps mistakenly, to keep all of them alive.

The result is the familiar population problem, — the continually increasing pressure of hungry mouths upon the products of the fisher and the farm.

Everyone admits these facts. Everyone is a Malthusian. Everyone grants that the increase of population will some day outrun the world's supply of food. The only question is when. Pessimists believe that disaster is just around the corner, and a near corner at that. Optimists argue that science can and will increase the food supply, that the danger of serious population pressure is remote by many years, possibly by centuries.

In this conflict of opinion, what the ordinary man wants are facts. Just what are the present populations, the potential populations, the present food supply, the probable future food supply, of the different countries of the world? Here lies the interest of the small booklet entitled *Population*, recently written by Mr. A. M. Carr-Saunders for the Oxford series of World Manuals. In the 111 pages of this booklet the busy reader will find a condensed and admirable summary of the known facts about the population of the world, together with a most reasonable analysis of the suggestions made by the conflicting optimists and pessimists. Mr. Carr-Saunders inclines, one gathers, to be a pessimist, but he does full justice to the other side.

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There was published last year in Baltimore a book which every serious student of human problems must put on some handy library shelf and proceed to wear out by consulting. This is *Studies in Human Biology* by Professor Raymond Pearl. If any student of men among the FORUM readers is still without this invaluable work we recommend an immediate visit to a book-store.

This is not because Professor Pearl's book contains so many novel and important facts, for it does not. It is because the work marks a new and supremely useful viewpoint toward humanity. It considers mankind as an object for experiment.

There have been, historically, two chief ways of viewing humanity. The earlier one was to consider men as playthings of the gods. Obviously, the holders of this view had no great interest in the toys; their interest was in the discovery of that godlike Something which pulled the strings and wound up the springs. The other view is the egocentric one. It considers man as "master of his fate". The "communal mind" will some day rule the universe.

Without especial quarrel with either of these traditional views Professor Pearl launches a quite different one. To him mankind is merely a collection of animals, to be studied as one might study the thousands of buffalo in a herd or the millions of animalcules under the lens of a microscope. What are the *facts* about men? How fast does humanity breed? How many people do diseases kill? What kinds of men live longest, and why do they die? How much food do people really need? It is questions like these which Professor Pearl attacks and some of which he answers. Although Professor Pearl would be the last to claim that he has invented all by himself this quantitative way of studying mankind, it is true that this book of his is the first real textbook of the

subject and the first solid foundation for a general science of human biometrics.

It is not necessary to agree with all of Professor Pearl's conclusions. Indeed, this reviewer disagrees violently with some of them. That is not the point. The point is that the method is right and will undoubtedly be fertile. The most important instruments of science are the yardstick and the balance. Weighing and measuring gave us astronomy and physics and mechanical industry. They will be no less productive with men as their object. By taking thought no man can add a cubit to his stature, but by taking measurements he can find out what fraction of a cubit is being added. Perhaps, if he wishes, he may help the process along.

Contemporary Ireland

IRELAND. *By Stephen Gwynn, with an Introduction by the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, M. P.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1925 ($3.00).

REVIEWED BY
NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

The series of volumes comprised under the general title, *The Modern World*, aims to supply "neither the formal narrative history, nor the encyclopedia article, nor the fugitive contribution to the decent obscurity of the magazine; but rather a balanced survey, with such historical illustrations as may be found necessary, of the tendencies and forces, political, economic, intellectual, which are molding the lives of contemporary States." The editor, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, made a happy choice in selecting for the author of the volume on modern Ireland, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, — son of a Protestant clergyman; graduate of Trinity College, Dublin; stanch adherent of the late John Redmond, and member of the Irish Party; officer of the British Army during the World War, — a man who has personal knowledge of the many divergent points of view represented in Irish life to-day.

Ireland fully carries out the purpose of *The Modern World;* it is "a balanced survey", written with clarity, sympathy, and understanding; moreover, it reveals an impartiality rare in the discussion of Irish questions. The book is a marvel of compactness, proportion, and emphasis. In two hundred and fifty pages there is enough past history to make the account of present conditions thoroughly intelligible, yet the stress is always upon pertinent problems. Mr. Gwynn answers the questions that a reader without a special knowledge of Ireland is likely to ask.

The chapters deal with: The Irish Nation; The Irish People; Description of the Country; Social Groupings; Education; The Two Cultures; The Irish Language and the Gaelic Movement (these two latter are among the best in the book; the summary of the two saga cycles of early Ireland is lucid and succinct); The Churches; Industry and Labor; The Irish Free State. An Appendix contains the Treaty of 1922 between Great Britain and Ireland, and the Constitution of the Free State.

Mr. Gwynn is particularly happy in his choice of phrase, in antitheses which not only summarize but illuminate problems, as at the close of the first chapter: "The Irish nation is a political concept, still imperfectly realized; the Irish people, that is, the population of Ireland, are a fact of nature." He makes clear the relations between the people of distinctly Gaelic heritage and those of Anglo-Irish stock, the "middle nation", showing that both are essential to their native island.

With words of especial interest to Americans, the author closes: "As far back as living memory goes, it has been, not unnaturally nor indefensibly, Ireland's part to make trouble between the two great branches of the English-speaking world. She has lain between them like a barrier, who ought to be a link. So strong is the feeling to-day against breeders of strife that there would be neither sympathy nor forgiveness for Ireland if she continued her traditions of the past. A very different rôle might be in her power; and John Redmond, the leader whom many generations of Nationalists served and followed, and who, I think, represented the sane and normal mind of Ireland better than any man in her public life to-day, would beyond question have believed, and would have risked all to bring to pass his belief, that the most glorious privilege of his country's freedom would be to take a hand in accomplishing the peace of mankind."

Straight-Nosed, Blue-Eyed Jews

THE MATRIARCH. *By G. B. Stern.* Alfred A. Knopf, 1925 ($2.50).

REVIEWED BY HANNAH MORIARTA

Reviewers of *The Matriarch* are unanimous in their praise of it. They agree it is an interesting book, even more, an important book. Yet the varied reasons given for their enthusiasm only inadequately indicate the basic cause of this appreciation. For it is evident that there is an undercurrent of gratitude to Miss Stern. It seems that they are thankful to her because in this novel Miss Stern has extended their knowledge of the Jew beyond the vaudeville stage and the Ghetto. For the Rakonitz family are Jews, but Jews without the servility of an inferior race under adverse social conditions. They are blue-eyed. They have straight noses. Although they are quite conscious of their Jewishness, they are proud and self-sufficient, — a great family, cultured with the broad culture of the cosmopolitan.

On the whole, *The Matriarch* is more impressive than some of Miss Stern's earlier work. It lacks the whimsical extravagance which is supplied to *Debatable Ground* by the spontaneous, diabolic lying of Cliffe Kennedy; it lacks the buoyant irony, the exaggerated satire of *The Room.* One is overpowered by the crowd of characters. The prodigious family, the gorgeous possessions, the rich food, the colossal figure of Anastasia, the Matriarch, bewilder one so that one can appreciate the feelings of her children-in-law who were suddenly transplanted into this complex existence. But it charms one, too; for one gets an impression of the rush of life and its vigor and fullness.

And the fullness of this life is in no way diminished by a lack of worldly goods. Money as a concrete possession was incomprehensible to Anastasia. Rich or poor, she threw it away with the same reckless carelessness which characterized the giving of her time or energy. And in her senile madness she gave as never before; parties, clothes, lodging to swarms of parasites, — they were all one to her. Her sons might lack bread, but she must give.

Miss Stern has dealt a severe blow to the representation of hooked noses and greasy hair, of avaricious cruelty and fawning greed. She has, at the same time, created a throng of vital, picturesque people, the story of whose lives entertains one thoroughly.

The First Modernist

MY DUEL WITH THE VATICAN. *By Alfred Loisy.* E. P. Dutton, October 15, 1924 ($3.00).

REVIEWED BY MILDRED W. STILLMAN

Abbé Loisy was the first modernist. The struggle between his craving for the historic fact, and his loyalty to the Roman Church, Leo XIII's patience with the brilliant heretic, and Pius X's militant fundamentalism make a thrilling volume. The Frenchman's clear style seems to lose nothing in Richard W. Boynton's delightful translation. Whether our sympathies are with the mentally tortured and irascible priest or with the Church which at last excommunicated him, the book is invaluable for its story of the dawn of Liberalism within and without the Roman Church, and for its description of the government and political machinery of that mighty institution.

The following extract from the Abbé's journal gives a glimpse of his astute mind and its incompatibility with scholasticism: "Oh, it is odious to pay poor human creatures with tickets to Paradise." And these last unforgettable lines: "Whoever has known the ideal under the form of the true, the good, and the beautiful, who has known the joy, more or less pure and perfect, of knowledge and of love, has inscribed himself in characters never to be effaced in the consciousness of the living God."